

IMPROVEMENT ERA



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG
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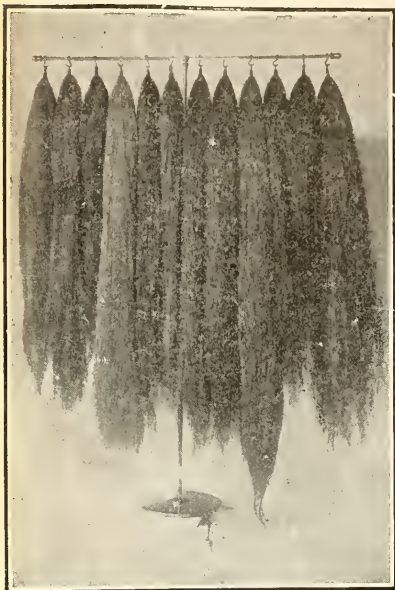
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LOGAN, " " " " UTAH

The September "Era" will contain a richly illustrated and valuable historical article on the "Development of the Deseret Museum," by Dr. James E. Talmage. "A Day with Carry Nation," by Nephi Anderson; "Athletics in the M. I. A.," by Lyman R. Martineau; "The Drama," by Willard Done; "Your Best and Highest Self," by Nephi Jensen, crowded out of this number; the closing number of "The Book of Mormon Written in Hieroglyphics," by Thomas W. Brookbank, a story, an illustrated poem, and much other attractive, instructive, and entertaining matter. You can subscribe any time. Volume 15 begins November 1.

Elder George A. Pearce, Dennison, Texas: "We appreciate the "Era" and find it a great help to the people as well as an inspiring companion for the elders, and can testify of much good that is being done by its assistance. We wish you success."

Elder C. A. Boss of Niter, Idaho, Pittsburg, June 5, says: "The Improvement Era is always received with gladness by our friends. The numbers I receive are always spoken for long before they reach me. I wish this great messenger of truth continued success."

IMPROVEMENT ERA, AUGUST, 1911.

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The Prophet and Patriarch.

On the beautiful grounds in the famous temple block, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on June 27, 1911, were erected life-size statues in bronze, of Joseph Smith the prophet and his brother Hyrum. There was no special unveiling ceremony, owing to the unexpected absence of President Joseph F. Smith in Washington, D. C.

The pedestals are of Utah granite, the base of each being five feet ten inches by four feet, and one foot four inches high; and the die, four feet four inches, by two feet six inches, three feet high, making a total height of four feet four inches.

The statues are from models by the artist Mahonri M. Young, son of the late Joseph Young, and formerly occupied the niches at the east entrances to the Holy Temple. *They were placed in the open grounds that visitors might more easily see them, and be informed of the noble mission of the martyr brothers, by means of the inscriptions on the pedestals.

The inscription plates were cast by Winslow Brothers of Chicago, and with the granite blocks were placed in position under the personal supervision of Nephi L. Morris, of Elias Morris & Sons, Salt Lake City. The letters are block-type with polished face and brushed background, legible and clear, making the words easily readable.

Text on the plate of the Hyrum Statue:

HYRUM SMITH

The Patriarch and a witness of the Book of Mormon.

An elder brother and the steadfast friend and counselor of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

Born at Tunbridge, Vermont, February 9th, 1800; suffered martyrdom with the Prophet at Carthage, Illinois, on the 27th of June, 1844.

The friendship of the brothers Hyrum and Joseph Smith is foremost among the few great friendships of the world's history. Their names will be classed among the martyrs for religion.

The Book of Mormon—the plates of which Hyrum Smith both saw and handled; the revelations in the book of Doctrine and Covenants; the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—these, to bring them forth for the salvation of the world, cost the best blood of the 19th century.

"I could pray in my heart that all men were like my brother Hyrum, who possesses the mildness of a lamb and the integrity of Job; and, in short, the meekness and humility of Christ. I love him with that love that is stronger than death."—Joseph Smith.

"If ever there was an exemplary, honest and virtuous man, the embodiment of all that is noble in the human form, Hyrum Smith was the representative."—President John Taylor.

As he shared in the labors, so does he share in the honor and glory of the new dispensation with his prophet brother.

In life they were not divided; in death they were not separated; in glory they are one

The front plate of the Joseph Statue:

JOSEPH SMITH

The Prophet of the new dispensation of the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. He was born at Sharon, Vermont, on the 23rd of December, 1805; and suffered martyrdom for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus at Carthage, Illinois, on the 27th of June, 1844.



HYRUM SMITH, THE PATRIARCH.

"Blessed is my servant, Hyrum Smith, for I, the Lord, love him because of the integrity of his heart, and because he loveth that which is right before me, saith the Lord. * * * * I give unto you Hyrum Smith, to be a Patriarch unto you, to hold the sealing blessings of my Church, even the Holy Spirit of promise, whereby ye are sealed up unto the day of redemption, that ye may not fall, notwithstanding the hour of temptation that may come upon you."—(Doctrine and Covenants.)

HIS VISION OF GOD

I saw two personages whose glory and brightness defy all description. One of them spake unto me and said:

THIS IS MY BELOVED SON; HEAR HIM.

I asked which of all the sects was right and which I should join. I was answered I must join none of them; they were all wrong; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men; I received a promise that the fulness of the gospel would at some future time be made known to me.

THE BOOK OF MORMON

This book was revealed to him, and he translated it by the gift and power of God. It is an inspired history of ancient America, and contains the fulness of the gospel. It is the American Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH

Joseph Smith received divine authority through the ministration of angels to teach the gospel and administer the ordinances thereof. He established again in the earth the Church of Jesus Christ, organizing it by the will and commandment of God on the 6th day of April, 1830.

He also received commission to gather Israel and establish Zion on this land of America; to erect temples and perform all ordinances therein both for the living and the dead; and prepare the way for the glorious coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to reign on earth.

The back plate of the statue of the Prophet reads:

TRUTH-GEMS

From the Teachings of Joseph Smith.

The glory of God is intelligence.

It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance.

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life will rise with us in the resurrection.

There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated; and when we obtain any blessing from God it is by obedience to that law on which it is predicated.

This is the work and glory of God: to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

Adam fell that man might be; and men are that they might have joy.

The intelligence of spirits had no beginning, neither will it have an end. Jesus was in the beginning with the Father; man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth was not created or made, neither indeed can be.

The spirit and body is the soul of man; and the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul.

"It is the first principle of the Gospel to know for a certainty the character of God; and to know that man, (as Moses), may converse with Him as one man converses with another."

The pedestal art work is rugged and bold, typifying the robust types of manhood which characterized the brothers.

That these memorials are thus erected in the metropolis of the great western commonwealth, in such surroundings—the temple, the tabernacle, lovely lawns, flowers, fountains, music, houses of worship, the great buildings, the city itself, the hundreds of prosperous towns, cities and settlements of the West,—is the fulfillment in itself of the famous utterance of the prophet just before his martyrdom: "The Saints shall become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

Tens of thousands of strangers from all parts of the world annually visit the grounds, and hundreds of thousands will here read the Prophet's messages of salvation.—Edward H. Anderson.



JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

"Thou shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the Church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord, Jesus Christ, being inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundation thereof, and to build it up unto the most holy faith, which church was organized and established in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty, on the sixth day of April."—(Doctrine and Covenants.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1911.

No. 10

“Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself.”

BY JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP.

Christianity possesses no greater tangible test of true faith than a full and literal acceptance of this commandment. It calls for a life-long and world-wide exercise of man's most divine endowment, and measures that exercise by his highest conception of excellence and pleasure. Mere passive contentment with another's good fortune will not suffice. A full compliance with this law demands active interest in the individual and collective welfare of our neighbors; a searching for means that will enhance their happiness, will alleviate their misfortunes, and will modify the results of their errors and weaknesses. While it imposes no obligation to surrender that which is essential to our own welfare, yet it exacts an unselfish and just limitation of our needs and desires. It assumes the existence of a genuine willingness to give all men equal opportunity to labor for their own advancement, and prohibits the use of either situation or power to hinder them from making such endeavor.

When rightly understood, this commandment possesses no elements of personal privation. It only asks for that which will increase another's happiness, without diminishing our own. Whenever it calls for material aid, its requirements are limited to our

superfluities, and even for that excess it compensates by increased contentment. And in serving a neighbor, physical help is the smallest factor, and very rarely the most beneficial. Timely suggestions and a joyful division of life's natural advantages are mankind's greatest needs. The cheerful giving of opportunity and encouragement is of greater value than giving money or goods. Helping another to walk is of more benefit than to carry him. Our neighbor needs our guidance more than our assistance. The road to prosperity and happiness is amply broad enough to accommodate all men, but it is not easily found, nor is its appearance always inviting. It has steep hills, calling for effort which will neither weary nor give up. It has crevices and pitfalls, to avoid which requires a strong will and a sound discretion. All along its paths are many side-lanes with alluring pleasures, where tarrying means delay in reaching the goal, and destruction of strength needed for the onward journey. To overcome these hindrances for himself makes a man humanly great, but to point them out to others, and assist them to success, makes him divinely great. He truly loves his neighbor who triumphantly persuades him that the blessings of progress are constantly in sight to the persistent and careful traveler, that the path of endeavor is strewn with stations of compensation, where intermediate payment is made for labor performed or achievements attained, and that even if overcome before the end is reached, there is infinite pleasure in having made the effort.

Nor is any man required to stay at the entrance of life's journey, merely to signal each passing wanderer, or slacken his travel to wait for others who need no help. Yet, if on the way he uses his greater strength to push aside his weaker brother, or if by cunning he gains unjust advantages, or if he has failed to help a falling neighbor, or set aright an erring one, then he has violated the commandment of the Lord. But, if from time to time he puts up guide posts to help others discover footsteps which he has found successful, if he smooths the rough and lights the dim places, if he gives timely warning of difficulties encountered and how to overcome them, then he has correctly interpreted the intent of the Master's commandment.

And having thus shown love to his neighbor, but still possess-

ing more than sufficient for the reasonable needs of himself and his dependents, that man is blessed who in addition thereto, upon needful occasions, does not hesitate to use part or all of that excess to make easier or more successful the journey of another, or dedicates it to the lasting happiness of mankind in general.

OGDEN, UTAH.

Lullaby.

The big boats sail through the Golden Gate,
(O it's close your eyes, my dearie!)
But it's down at the Fisherman's Wharf we wait,
Where the little boats come with their scaly freight,
Tugged by the fishermen weary;
Fishermen rugged and cheery.
For its swish, swish, ever goes the sea,
And its fish, fish, ever for you and me—
Bread for me and dearie,
So close your eyes, my dearie.

The big boat's people could never know,
(O it's slumber long, my dearie!)
A happier heart-beat than I who go
Where the little boats come in the early glow,
To the arms of my fisherman weary;
Fisherman loving and cheery.

For it's swish, swish, ever goes the sea,
And it's fish, fish, ever for you and me—
Bread for me and dearie,
And love for me and dearie!

KATE THOMAS.

The Gadiantons.

BY ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON, AUTHOR OF "THE CITIES OF
THE SUN."

And it came to pass that the Lamanites did hunt the band of robbers of Gadianton; . . . insomuch that this band of robbers was utterly destroyed from among the Lamanites.

I.—At the Fountain.

"Hurry with your trifling, and lend me your cup that I may fill my jars," admonished Abish.

"You're in a hurry today?" queried Sara lazily.

The water in the fountain was low, and it had to be scooped up from the bottom. Sara was trickling the cool liquid over her pink fingers, quite oblivious to her own empty water pitchers standing with gaping mouths on the curb.

The two women, Abish, a servant in the house of Ahah, and Sara, a servant of Seantum, often met at the fountain to gossip. At this time the possible union between the heads of their two houses was an inexhaustible subject; for Seantum, the proud Nephite, was a suitor for the hand of Ahah, a girl of mixed blood. Possible exigencies were suggested by the fact that Ahah was believed to love Hagoth, a Lamanite soldier; on the other hand, her mother, the widowed Miriam, openly encouraged the suit of Seantum.

Truly the plaza in the beautiful suburb, Antionum, was a pleasant place to loiter. The fountain was the life source of the city, and sooner or later everyone came there to drink. The gorgeous flowers of the tropics were so rich that the very bees became intoxicated and produced a honey that was the original

nectar. A long line of Biblical-looking girls, carrying water jars on their heads, extended from the fountain. Alternating with oval, Madonna-like faces, lit with lustrous eyes, was the ardent, gypsy coloring that told of mixed blood, for Lamanites and Nephites mingled freely in the community.

"The servants at our house do not dawdle the day away," announced Abish severely. "Our mistress looks after her household."

Sara felt the implied sneer, for the ancient halls of Seantum languished in bachelor neglect.

"When the fair Ahah comes to preside over *our* household then may I have to *run* home heavy laden."

"If your white-faced master be not so slow that he lets Hagoth, the Lamanite, walk off with her before his eyes. I could tell him things—"

"A Lamanite!" laughed Sara derisively. "Ahah is not particular in her taste. But then the poor girl cannot help it, it is in her blood—"

Sara stopped short, for along the street, ringing with startling distinctness, arose the cry,

"Cezoram, son of Cezoram, the chief judge, is dead!"

For a moment there was absolute stillness, then wild clamor broke forth. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, told that Cezoram, chief judge of all the Nephites, had not risen that morning, and when an attendant went to wake him, he found him lying naturally in his bed—dead. He had been struck upon the head as he slept, by an assassin who had come and gone as stealthily as the night air.

"Who killed him?" inquired Abish, plucking at the arm of a man who passed with broad strides, muttering in his beard.

"Who should it be but the Gadiantons, the terrible robbers, the mention of whose very name blanches the faces of the people and shakes the very government? The Nephite officials are in secret league with them, else we would not be so terrorized. Two chief judges slain within a year! Cezoram, the elder, struck down as he sat upon the judgment seat—his son and successor most foully murdered in his room! Is there no end to our endurance?"

"The Gadiantons!" Bursting with her news, Ahah caught

up her half filled jars and hurried out through some deserted gardens that she might more quickly arrive home. As she picked her way through some overgrown vines, she stopped suddenly. Her eye had caught sight of a familiar crest. Across the open space was the stalwart figure of Hagoth, clothed in tiger skin, his badge of knighthood. By his side, in flaunting red petticoat, walked a Lamanite girl. At the edge of the woods he returned the basket he had been carrying, and the head of the plumed chief bent low over her.

"Hagoth making love to an Indian! I wonder what Ahah will say?"

Later she heard what her mistress had to say, and the servant's tale lost nothing in the telling of it.

II. —In the Home of Miriam.

A party of four sat at the supper board of Miriam. It was spread on the roofed cloisters, midway between the patio where marguerites, like Psyche, flirted with their own fair image in the fountain, and the house, where, through gold embroidered gauze curtains, an occasional glimpse was had of a vast inner apartment set with mosaics.

Before the guests, who sat on mats, were spread tempting dulces (sweets) and heaped up salvers of the strange fruits of the tropics, the butter, eggs and custards that grow on trees.

A servant brought cups of frothing chocolate to the two women—Ahah, whose gold-crowned head rose like an aureole above the sea-foam green of her gown, and her mother, Miriam, massive and handsome despite her years. Shem, an aged traveler from the far south, was scooping out spoonfuls of papaya, a peptonized squash, while Seantum leaned against a marble pillar, his pale face with its weak features peering lividly through clouds of tobacco smoke.

The murder of the morning was under discussion.

"Who are these Gadiantons?" asked Shem. "Methinks it was they who robbed a pack train of a merchant of our town. Though he carried the matter to the tribunal, he could get no restitution."

"Restitution!" Miriam smiled grimly. "How can we expect

justice when the Nephite officials are in secret league with the robbers?"

"They have been a menace to our nation since our organization," hastily interposed Seantum, anxious to change the subject.

"Indeed!" Shem thoughtfully stroked his long beard, while his Jewish face bent forward with interest.

"The chief judges have been their victims ever since Kishkumen, an unscrupulous adventurer, stabbed Judge Pahoran. The good Helaman would have suffered a like fate had not a servant of his overheard this plot and killed Kishkumen first. The blackguard followers of this professional assassin were organized into a secret society by Gadianton, who introduced Satan's own machinations. After that the bandits fled to the mountains, where they have subsisted ever since."

"Cannot they be apprehended?" asked Shem astonished.

"They hold the mountain fastnesses, and route every army sent against them. Only occasionally do they infest the valleys to drive off the cattle."

"It would be a good thing if they drove off only the cattle," remarked Miriam sharply. "They swooped down upon a village when most of the men were away at the late war, and carried off the women and children."

"The Gadianton robbers are dreadful men." Ahah shuddered. "They brought one who had been taken prisoner to fight upon the sacrificial stone, before Tubaloth, king of the Lamanites. With one foot chained to the rock, and armed only with sword and shield, he fought and vanquished eight warriors. The king granted him his freedom."

"They will surely punish the slayer of Cezoram," suggested Shem.

"Certainly, if they can find him."

"Must a whole nation quail before these bloodthirsty barbarians?" exclaimed Ahah passionately. Remembering that it was whispered that Seantum himself, like many of the officials, was helpless against the banditti, she asked suddenly, "Seantum, why don't you lead an army against them?"

"Impossible!" returned the effeminate youth. "Perhaps our friend, the husky Lamanite, will undertake the task," he added

sneeringly. "They say that Tubaloth's young men are deserting the army to join the robbers. The king has sworn vengeance against them."

"When did the Nephites have to call upon their ancient enemies for help?" interposed Miriam haughtily.

The meal was finished and despite the fuming of Seantum and the open displeasure of her mother, Ahah excused herself on the plea of illness and fled to her room. Although the servants came up and lighted the torches, the light had gone out for the three that remained.

III.—The Rage of Ahah.—Hagoth's Departure.

Ahah threw herself in the hammock on the balcony that her apartment opened on. She was shaken with rage, but the more violent the passion, the sooner does it consume itself. Destruction would have descended on the head of Hagoth had he appeared at that moment; as it was, her anger had just three hours to cool.

The stars hung low in the tropic heavens; a nearby field was illumined with the phosphorescent glow of flitting firelight; below a tree broke into a galaxy of white stars.

As she clenched her small hands until the nails cut the palms, Ahah was not in a mood to contemplate scenery.

"Flirting with a Lamanite frump, indeed! How do I know that Hagoth has not a dozen Indian loves among his own people?"

Hitherto Ahah had been so engrossed by her condescension in loving a mere Lamanite, that the possibility of anyone else loving him had never occurred to her. That Hagoth had been whole-souled in his devotion to her, she admitted. Nothing wins a woman quite so quick as the knowledge that a man has staked his all on her. Else why had she stooped to love him?

Slowly she lived over their acquaintance. All the details were graven on her brain. It had been romantic from the start. The horses of the Lamanite king were running away, dragging the broken chariot behind them. The driver had been hurled out in turning the corner, and Tubaloth himself was reeling, when the careening animals were stopped by the impact of a lithe body hurled full at their heads. The catapult was Hagoth, who there-

after was knighted and received the order of the tiger, a distinction he valued less than the thanks of a mother who caught up her little brown baby that had been playing in the road directly in the way of the runaway. Since then, Ahah's every meeting with Hagoth had tightened the grip on her heart. Yet the thing that made her angriest of all, was that she should care so much.

When a plumed crest of sable hue loomed up above the passion flower of the balcony, she started up as if she had not been waiting long for that apparition.

As Hagoth swung himself easily in front of her, she faced him with the accusation, "You are late."

"I have been watching the lights below for hours. I thought you were there with Seantum."

"Did he stay so long with mother? I left them hours ago—to wait here alone, while you, forsooth, amused yourself with an Indian girl—Ugh!"

"Ahah!"

"I tell you, you were seen walking in the woods with her, whispering to her, carrying her basket, and—they said she was pretty," she finished with a wail.

"It is a mistake. I—"

"A mistake! Look at me!" she cried fiercely. "You, a Lamanite, an associate of laboring wenches, have made me weep—I, Ahah, who do not shed tears once in five years, have wept this night over you!" She laughed bitterly.

"But the girl gave me some information from a relative of hers."

"What could I expect—I who without reason, against the warning of my friends, the opposition of my relatives, have squandered my attention on you!"

"Ahah, you possess the best part of my life; but if I am bringing you such unhappiness—"

That brought her to terms. Then followed one of those exalted moments lit by the white light of spirituality.

"See, Hagoth," she breathed earnestly, "beautiful as this is, I lie awake nights worrying where it will end. I am too much of a coward to flee with you, for I fear to fail in the new life. You

must raise yourself to my station. You have youth, strength, brains, and my faith in you."

"And if I win out?"

"I will marry you."

"I accept the challenge. In forty days I shall return to claim my own."

Ahah looked startled. "How do you propose to do it?"

"Because of what you have promised me this night I shall confide to you my secret, though the success of the venture itself depends on silence. At dawn I take command of a party of Lamanites that goes into the mountains to destroy the Gadiantons."

"Oh!" Ahah reeled, and she felt the world slipping from under her, such terror did the name of the dreadful robbers inspire.

"If I win, any favor within the gift of Tubaloth, king of the Lamanites, is mine."

"If you should fail!"

"If I fail—you will admit I shall have a splendid tomb—the snow-clad summit of Mt. Misti."

Ahah, with a moan, threw up her arms to shut out the torturous vision, for the Gadiantons not only murdered but mangled their victims.

He came closer; his eyes blazed with triumph; his voice was tense with suppressed emotion. "Remember, in forty days you are mine!" And he was gone.

Ahah threw herself against the post. "You shall not go! I tell you I won't let you!" she screamed. In her desperation she almost hurled herself over the balcony, but no answer came. Hagoth had vanished into the night whence he had come. Overwhelmed with remorse for driving him on, steeped in her own misery, she lay where she had fallen until the mocking bird began to sing and the day emerged from the night, like Venus, new-born from the sea.

Rising, she dashed the crumpled bell of the passion flower under her feet, and entering her apartment threw herself on the bed.

When Abish stole softly up to tell her young mistress that he bath water was ready, she found her with all her clothes on

breathing heavily. Throwing a silken shawl over her, she turned and tiptoed out.

IV.—The Triumph of Hagoth.

Ahah lay languidly back in the boat and dabbled her white hand in the water. Seantum opposite, equally lazy, was doing nothing more strenuous than watch the sunlight on her hair of burnished copper. The servant, Abish, knelt in the bottom of the boat trying to bring order out of the chaos of flowers with which the boat was flooded. It was the festival of flowers, and Ahah had insisted on buying some of every kind she saw. As she had selected them for their gaudiness, the effect was picturesque. The boatman, who stood in striped cotton garment, with bare, brown feet and broad-brimmed hat, drove the craft along the sluggish canal by means of a pole.

They were enroute to the floating gardens of Miramar. Conversation languished while they watched the panorama, for the canal was alive with the graceful crafts, as this was a special feast day. There were boats loaded with poppies; others banked with pink rosebuds; more modest symphonies in purple and electric blues—violets and forget-me-nots, like a damozel, left a fragrant trail behind them. They passed cargoes of green vegetables bound for the city, and houseboats which carried not only the family and their household furniture, but the livestock, dogs, chickens and parrots.

Gayest of all were the flat-bottomed boats filled with troubadours. These children of the sun lent the music of their voices to the tinkle of their stringed instruments. Everyone seemed bent on merry-making, and as a lonely heart is never so desolate as when buried in a gay crowd, so Ahah felt more poignant misery by contrast.

Thirty days had elapsed since Hagoth's sudden departure. Since then she had had no word from him, and her veiled inquiries had elicited no news. "He is so bent on his man's enterprise that he would not stop to consider a woman!" she exclaimed petulantly. But her good sense told her it would not be wise for him to send a message. Later she was consumed with a wild fear that he was dead, and during the long hours of the night saw him die twenty

deaths in as many different ways. In the meantime she went calmly about her affairs and continued to endure Seantum, as there was nothing else to do.

They had planned to spend the day in the rustic bowers of a planter at Miramar, but as they wound in and out among the floating gardens, at first nothing but patches of variegated green, it was evident that some unusual occurrence was happening on shore. Market venders had deserted their stalls, and women had left their meat sizzling on the brazeros—open air stoves of clay containing glowing charcoal.

“What’s the matter?” called Seantum to the hoary boatman.

“They say the Gadiantons are destroyed,” he answered.

Ahah was on her feet swaying in the boat. “Who did it?” she cried, as if her life hung on the answer.

“A Lamanite by the name of Hagoth. One of his men stopped off here. He’s over in the square there now.”

Without waiting for the boat to stop, Ahah bounded quickly to the oozy mud of the shore, and was up the bank in a moment. Running swiftly, she reached the excited crowd, and made her way through it. In the center she recognized one of Hagoth’s lieutenants.

“You are going back to Antionum?” she queried breathlessly.

On his answer in the affirmative, she begged eagerly, “Then you will let us take you back in our boat?” as she tossed him a golden seon.

As if he were in his chief’s secret, he gladly accepted the invitation, and Seantum was doomed to hear his rival’s praises sung on the return trip which had begun so auspiciously for him.

While the warrior recited the story of the expedition in his crudest way, Ahah hung on every word.

“When we started, we had to hew our way through the underbrush; higher up it was easier climbing, but the tropical downpour came down in bucketfuls and drenched us to the skin. Underfoot it was so slimy, we slipped back a step for every two we took. The guides lost the trail and we slunk under the trees while they found it. Later we spent the night in a cave. The fire went out, as it was as much as a man’s life was worth to

descend into the barranca for wood. The roof leaked, and we woke up with our heads in a pool of water.

"The next morning the ravines were raging torrents! Advancing under these difficulties, we finally decried above the tree tops the misty expanse of Lake Titicaca. Like all high waters, it is sullen, cold and deep. There on the shores we found the log hut of an old Nephite, whose only daughter had been carried off by the Gadiantons. He has lived there a hermit, vowing vengeance ever since. He offered to act as guide, and lent us his two boats. It took many trips across the lake to get all of our party over. When we reached the bluffs, on the other side, Hagoth's plans became apparent.

"The reason that the robbers' rendezvous had never been discovered was because of the impossible ravines that hedge it on all sides. Hagoth proposed to take the shortest route, straight across the summit of Mt. Misti, which towers eighteen thousand feet into the air. So up we climbed into the rarefied atmosphere among the pines and cedars. Occasionally the clouds below us parted like the veil of a Turkish beauty, affording us seductive glimpses of the tropics at reeling distances below. We passed the timber line and trailed across the lava beds, undulating hills of black ashes. Here grew a yellow daisy with frosted leaves; somewhere below the clouds lay the world, but our goal was the snow-clad peak that cut the sky in two.

"The ascent through the snow was bitterly cruel. Some of the men were bleeding at the nose, others had difficulty to breathe, while some, with palpitation of the heart, were crawling on their hands and knees. We were all temporarily blinded by the white light of the sun on the snow.

"At the top we skirted the sulphurous crater for a mile and a half, and on the other side tobogganed down the snow-clad peaks on mats. Then we had to make quick work of it, for provisions that are carried as a man-pack are light.

"Six hundred feet below us in the barranca was the camp of the Gadiantons. A gruesome spectacle they were in the light of the camp fire. Despite the cold, their lean, brown limbs were bare, save where they had decorated them with blood. Their loins were swathed in sheep-skin, and their shaven heads cockaded with

feathers. Altogether we were glad that the depth of the canyon lay between us.

"All night we toiled, loosening the great boulders of the cliff that had been eroded into great blocks. At dawn of the second day we started several of them over the cliff by way of a good morning. They cut great oak trees off from their roots, and crumbled to pieces in the ravines below. They did not do much damage, but they brought the robbers out from their lair. When a side of the mountain crashed down, Zorum, the leader of the band, came out and held up his arms.

"Hagoth descended to parley with him. He left instructions with us to wipe out the band in case he did not return. He offered them their choice of death or surrender. The terms were that they return to civilization and become decent citizens. There was no possible way to escape, as before they could get out the top of the mountain would bury them alive, leaving them all like one of their men who had already been hit by a rolling boulder, and whose remains were but a mangled mass in the gully. They surrendered. They didn't seem to be enjoying themselves much up there in the mountains, anyway. So Hagoth just brought them down with him. Tubaloth has granted them concessions and will try to convert them."

Seantum, as he heard of the success of his rival, knew that he had lost. By the time the victorious warriors entered the city, Ahah was on her balcony waving her scarf. Amid strains of barbaric music and the huzzas of the populace, she beheld her chief come through the streets in the gilded chariot of the Lamanite king. As he glanced in her direction, Hagoth removed his sable plume and let the sun caress the glossy black head she loved so well. Behind him stalked the Gadianton robbers, frightful apparitions to the awe-struck people. The travel-stained Lamanite soldiers brought up the rear.

During all the feasting that followed, when Hagoth sat on the right-hand of the king, and the great of the nation assembled at the board to hear him lauded and glorified, the chieftain panted for the time when all this tinsel should be over, and he should be alone with a girl and claim his reward.

(THE END.)

De Motte Park.

BY D. D. RUST.

(Illustrations by the Author.)

As the "perfect days" of summer approach, they beckon us from the perspiring town to the shady groves and green banks and blossoms of wild flowers. We forget the chilly days of some months ago, and the cheery nights by the winter fire, as with fond recollections we seek the Wandameres, the cozy, arborescent retreats. Schools have closed, social seasons run out, we must away to the silent places, the parks, the woods, the forests, to think it all over and slow down a little.

The place called Kaibab, interpreted, "Mountain lying down," is a plateau forest covering over two thousand square miles and



DE MOTTE PARK.

reaching up from the sea nine thousand feet. It is in contrast to everything in sight or contiguous to it. To the north is the monotony of receding slopes towards the desert, to the east and west it puts out its breakers against an apparently endless stretch of painted country, and to the south it drops into the chasm of the Grand Canyon. It lies like a great Antille amid a desert ocean. It is a marvelous strip of wilderness.



SPRUCE SPIRES WHOSE BRANCHES
FORM PORTIERS TO THE DOORWAY.

De Motte Park is a line of beauty in this magnificent American forest. It extends along the mountain for ten miles in curves as graceful as those of the human form. It has been a puzzle to Powell, Dutton, Gilbert, and the rest of the geologists. They say it was probably the path of an ancient river now extinct. It is irrelevant at this time to make any sort of "brief" on the subject, since it is the purpose of this writing to simply call attention to a spot yet in its epoch of discovery, a spot which if seen will be admired without

proofs, the same as we admire the face of a beautiful woman.

Like the greatest known natural bridge—the Nonnezoshie of southeastern Utah—and like the valley which surpasses Yosemite—Mukuntuweap of southwestern Utah—De Motte Park is little known. There are people within fifty miles of it who scarcely understand what you are talking about. Cowboys who have grown gray on the trails of the forest have a keen intuitive appreciation for it; they like to be there, yet they cannot sense the comparative sublimity of the place. They love it as if by instinct. So must any man who builds his campfire there, who

sleeps under the pines and aspens, who sees the day break, and watches the sun chase away the dew of early morning.

Allured from the formalities of data for his *Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District*, Dutton writes in his field notes:



"THE QUEEN OF PARKS."

The scene is a very attractive one. There is a great wealth of vegetation, somber indeed, but the darkness of tone is suggestive of



THE MYSTERIOUS CANYON.

depth and richness of color. The spirit of the scene is a calm, serene and gentle one, touched with a tinge of solemnity and melancholy. Surely this is the home of the woodland nymphs, and at every turn of the way, we fancy we are about to see them flying at our approach, or peeping at us from the flowery banks. The most entrancing region it has ever been our privilege to visit.

A man who had been brought up in the most aesthetic nooks of New England, and had grown up with the best of New England culture, who had been all around the world and seen its natural adornments, came across the canyon up to De Motte Park. As he passed through the sylvan entrance beneath the spruce spires whose branches form portiers to the doorway, the fascinations of the canyon was overcome for a time by the power of this very different picture. Then, after he had stayed there at night, and had seen the colors of the morning; when he had spent another day, and his judgment had calmed from the excitement of first impressions, he said deliberately, "It is unquestionably the most beautiful park in the world."

Like other of the highest type of mountain scenery, this, too,



AS DREARY IN WINTER AS AN ALASKAN LAKE

has its moods, its glory and gloom. It responds to the change of seasons, dreary as an Alaskan lake in winter, and as dreamy in summer as an Emerald Isle. And in this latter season the visitor will find, whether he comes to it from the mysterious canyon, or from the floor of the weird desert, a welcome from this queen of parks that will be a peaceful benediction.

KANAB, UTAH.

Duty.

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, M. S. A., PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY,
STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

In the autumn of 1805, off the coast of Spain, occurred one of the greatest naval battles the world has ever known. It was one of the decisive battles of the world, a battle between the English fleet under Lord Nelson, and the combined fleets of France and Spain. The English fleet was the smaller, having fewer vessels, guns and men, than the combined fleet. Yet Nelson had been waiting for months to get this chance at the enemy, and he knew that his hour had come. As the ships were making hurried preparations for battle, he caused this signal to be displayed from the mast-tops of his ship, so that every English sailor might see it, "England expects every man to do his duty." It was an inspiration that caused every man to do his utmost for his country. The victory was won because every man did his duty. Had one man failed in performing his duty, the battle of Travalgar would have sounded the downfall of the English navy, and to this day she would not have been able to regain her power.

God expects *us* to do *our* duty, not one duty here and there that suits us, but every duty which he has placed before us and that comes to our lot to perform, be it pleasant or otherwise.

"Duty!" Oh, that word! It means so much. It is impossible to comprehend its full meaning at a glance, as the duties of each individual differ. We have our duties to ourselves, our duties to our family, our duties to our fellowmen, our duties to our profession, and our duties to our God.

Among the duties to ourselves may be mentioned the keeping of our body in health, by eating proper food, properly breath-

ing fresh air, avoiding stimulants of any kind, not overdoing in any way, improving our minds. The education of today strives for two great qualifications, and the world today is demanding two great characteristics of the people who succeed, and they are—*usefulness* and *efficiency*. Be good for something, and then be able to do that something better than anybody else. We should always strive to know the “why” for doing things, for this teaches “how” and “when.” Education today strives for the development of manhood and womanhood, and the preparation for life’s duties. These are the things we must aim at if we will do our full duty to ourselves.

Our duties to our family consist not only of loving and providing food, clothing and shelter, but also of rearing our children in the fear of God, and of teaching them the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Our duties to our fellowmen may be summed up by saying that we interfere with no man’s rights, that we love one another, helping the poor and needy, and having charity for all. The Scriptures speak of our duties to our fellowmen in these beautiful words:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Our duties to our profession require that we become thoroughly familiar with our work, learn our work well, and it will become a pleasure to us. Happiness always comes from a realization of having done our duties well; unhappiness comes from the neglect of duties, and, as “Man is that he might have joy,” this will

come to us only through the well performance of our duties. There is always joy in our work when it is understood. Take one example: Is there joy in the work of the farmer? Truly, if there is joy in any profession, his should be the most joyful. He comes in contact with nature; he hears the birds sing their sweet songs; he hears the babbling water as it dances in the stony brook; he wanders amid the waving grass and grain, and rests in the shade of the stalwart trees; he breathes the fresh air laden with the sweet perfume of the rose and the violet; he turns the sod that sets in motion the great chemical laboratory of the soil, admitting air and moisture; by this act also he sets to work the thousands and millions of little helpers in the soil that make it possible for the plants to grow there; he plants the seeds and watches their development to maturity. Truly he is a man of nature, and learning nature's ways, he can say with Shakespeare: There are

Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.

And with Bryant:

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
Speaks a various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile and eloquence
Of beauty, and she glides into his darker musings
With a mild and healing sympathy that
Steals away their sharpness, ere he is aware.

Our duties to our God consist of keeping his commandments. A Pharisee lawyer at one time asked Jesus, "What is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Do we love the Lord? Do we keep his commandments? Again, after the resurrection of Jesus, when he had dined with his disciples, he said to Simon Peter,

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

Christ here meant the feeding of the bread of life, the teaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Those of us who have the privilege of laboring in the Primary association, in the Religion classes, in the Sunday schools and in the Mutual Improvement associations, have the greatest privilege and duty placed upon us of teaching these glorious truths to the children of men, the young people who are placed under our charge. Shall we shrink from this duty, or shall we make the performance of it a pleasure? What greater pleasure can there be than to instil into the young and tender minds of the children the precious truths of the everlasting gospel?

The cause of Christ was never popular. The people who have aimed to follow the teachings of our Lord have always been persecuted and hunted from pillar to post. When Joseph Smith announced to the world that none of the then existing churches upon the earth were right, and that through him the Lord would re-establish his Church, people immediately began to persecute him and his followers. This persecution has extended down to the present day.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is a simple, straightforward gospel. It does not have the pomp and ceremony in it that many of the man-made religions have. This simplicity has never suited a certain element of the human family who wish to show and proclaim publicly before men their own virtues and deeds.

After the ascension of Jesus Christ the apostles and disciples continued to preach the true gospel and cry repentance to the people. For this they were driven from city to city, until finally all were put to death. The early Christian people in the Roman

empire were persecuted and tried as perhaps no other people have ever been. Many were tied to posts, saturated with oil and served for torches to the barbarous people. Many were helplessly placed in the large arenas, and lions, tigers and other ferocious beasts turned loose upon them in the sight of thousands of people who gloried in seeing them being torn to pieces. Many lived in seclusion in the underground passageways where the dead were buried—the catacombs of Rome. No one, man, woman or child, who professed the Christ was safe. Yet through all this, the great majority remained true and steadfast, and gained the victory through the Sign of the Cross.

During the reign of the Emperor Constantine, while he was at war with some of the barbarous tribes, and when it appeared that his enemies were to be the victors, he claims that he saw a fiery cross in the heavens with these words inscribed upon it: “With this sign you shall conquer.” He interpreted this to mean that he must espouse the cause of the Christians. So the entire empire became Christian, thousands upon thousands being baptized by force. The so-called Christian church now became popular, but not while it contained its simple, Christ-like ordinances and principles. In order to popularize it, many pagan rites and doctrines were substituted and added, so that it might more nearly harmonize with the old pagan worship. Many of the ordinances and doctrines in the pure Christian Church were done away with, so that it really became a corrupted and foreign mode of worship. The simple Christ Church was gone, and in its stead arose the Church of Rome dominated by greed, pomp, power and licentiousness.

Thank God the gospel has been restored in its purity and simplicity!

With the sign of Christ ever before us we shall conquer. By living up to Christ’s teachings and obeying the commandments which he has given to his children, no matter where we are, or what temptations befall us, we shall always be found on the side of victory. Let us ever keep his cause burning in our hearts and his sign ever before us to guide us by day and by night.

Above one of the gates leading to the grounds of one of our great Eastern universities is found this inscription:

So enter that each day thou mayst become more learned and thoughtful.

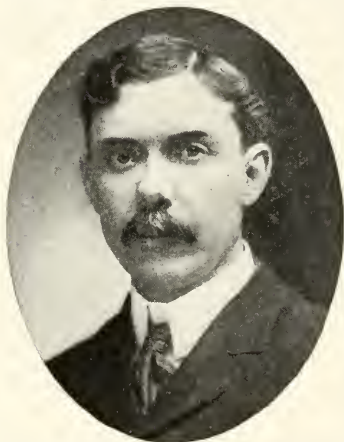
So depart that daily thou mayst become more useful to thy country and mankind.

Let us so enter upon our duties each day that we may become more learned and thoughtful, and so let each day depart that we shall have done some kind act, that some one shall be better and happier for our having lived that day.

LOGAN, UTAH.

New Mission President.

Elder Charles H. Hyde, one of the counselors of the Pioneer stake of Zion, and the eldest son of Charles W. and Cecilia Funk Hyde, has been called to preside over the Australian mission, to relieve Elder C. Alvin



Orme, who has been honorably released to return home. Elder Hyde was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 3rd of November, 1861, and has been an active Church worker all his days. For a number of years he presided over the Y. M. M. I. A. of the 7th ward of Salt Lake City, and for fourteen years was president of the fourth quorum of elders. He has filled a former mission to the Southern states, during the years 1902-3. When the Pioneer stake was organized, in March, 1904, he was selected as second counselor in the stake presi-

dency, in which capacity he has served until the present time. For many years he has been a worker in the typographical department of the *Deseret News*, being a first class printer. He is a man full of faith and energy, and has a heart full of sympathy and compassion for his fellows. His judgment and discretion fit him to be a good presiding officer, and a valuable man for the work which he has been called upon to perform. He and his good wife, who has been called to work with him, left for their field of labor, July 6, 1911.

Driftwood.

BY BARBARA MILLER.

The railroad tracks stretched out till they converged and melted into the horizon. Above the yellow, seemingly endless fields of ripening grain, extending along each side, the heat of midday quivered and shimmered in a white glare, unbroken save by a bunch of willows here and there, or marshy pool of stagnant water, with tall rushes growing rank upon its edges.

Several miles apart, two black spots, like huge ants, had crawled slowly along since daybreak, unconscious of each other. The foremost black speck halted, and shading bloodshot eyes with a trembling hand, gazed around searchingly and discovered the other man. Then, as though satisfied with his inspection, he crouched beside the hot track, his face hidden in his folded arms, that rested nearly upon his knees.

The other tramp drew nearer, with the peculiar jerk that is acquired by many miles of track walking. He was large, surly and aggressive looking, with matted, black beard, coarse features and a mean, furtive look. With eyes downcast, he shuffled along until he paused beside the crouching figure, and the two outcasts of humanity gazed silently for a moment at each other.

"Which way you goin'?" the newcomer asked.

"Same way as you," was the apathetic reply.

"Got anything to drink?"

"No; not even water. I drank a little from that pond back there, but the water was brackish and didn't help much. This heat is fierce, isn't it? I'm just about all in."

He spoke with almost lifeless monotone, again letting his head droop forward upon his arms.

For an instant the other eyed him up and down, half curiously, half scornfully.

"You sure seem to have had some hard knocks, pard," he said gruffly. "Guess you ain't much used to Shank's pony. Better get a move on, though; there ain't no use sittin' there. This can't last forever," with a comprehensive move of one dirty hand towards the neighboring grain fields, "and we'll probably get somewhere after awhile. I ain't in no special hurry myself. Come along, if you want to."

Slowly and painfully the smaller man obeyed, and rising, limped behind the other as if devoid of personal volition.

"There's a little town just around that bluff over there," he said in a low, weak voice, after he had hobbled along for some distance. "I was heading for there myself when I saw you."

"Oh!" The big man slackened his pace to allow the other to come alongside. "You've been in these parts before, hev ye?"

To this question he received no answer, and after a little he repeated it.

"Been in these parts before, pard?"

"Why do you ask?" parried the other evasively. "A man back yonder told me I'd find houses, and people about two miles further on—that's all I know about it."

And as they plodded along in silence, the big man wondered idly what the other's object could be in lying to him.

On the outskirts of the town they paused, the larger man looking with contempt upon the quiet, peaceful little village, lying at the foot of the blue, hazy mountains.

"No use for two of us to hit that place at the same time," he said scornfully. "'Tain't big enough. I know the ropes best, I guess. You'd better lay down in the shade of them trees over there, and take it easy for a spell. You look like you'd sure need to, if you expect to move on again tonight."

With a sigh of utter exhaustion the smaller tramp threw himself down in the cool grass beside a small spring that gurgled and bubbled a short distance from the railroad track. Then, as his companion was moving away, he raised himself upon one elbow and called after him, seeming to forget his recent denial of all knowledge of their whereabouts.

"Say, friend, do you see that white house over there among the trees—the one with the porch and the flower beds in front? Well, if you go there, I promise you you'll be treated white. There's a woman living in that house who's never been known to turn a hungry man away from her door—she'll give you the best she's got, and give it willingly, too."

Then oblivious to the queer look that the other bestowed upon him, he again threw himself prostrate upon the ground.

Almost an hour had elapsed when the sleeping tramp awoke at the gruff command to get up. Opening his eyes he saw his traveling companion holding a bulky parcel in one hand and a can of cold coffee in the other.

It took very few minutes to collect enough dead brush to make a fire, heat the coffee, and divide the lunch, wholesome and generous, which they devoured greedily. Afterwards, under the influence of a full stomach, the old tramp waxed loquacious.

"That sure was a mighty nice old gal you directed me to," he said, picking up the last crumb of bread from the paper spread before him on the ground. "She spoke so kind and pleasant like, just as if she thought I was a human like herself, you know; and before I hardly knowed what I was about, I done what I don't often do, you bet! offered to chop some wood to pay for the grub,"—here he grinned in a disagreeable way, disclosing a row of long, yellow teeth—"and what do you suppose she said? Jest smiled a little, and said she never done any work herself in the heat of the day, and didn't like to see others do it. Told me to sit in the cool of the porch, while she went to get the eatables, and didn't seem a mite afeared that I'd swipe the porch settee or the pump-handle while she was gone, either."

Painfully the younger man drew himself up to a sitting posture from where he lay on the grass, and with eyes that held a queer, wistful expression, gazed towards the little, white cottage nestling among the trees.

"How did she look—well and happy, or worried and anxious?"

The question came from his lips with apparent effort, causing the other to wonder if he were very ill, that his lips should tremble so.

"I dunno," he replied. "I couldn't hardly be expected to

know if she was happy or not jest what time I seen her. But''—he hesitated a little in a kind of shame-faced way—"I kin tell you how it made me feel to look at her. Made me think of churches and Sunday schools and bein' good, and all that sort of nonsense that I hadn't thought of sense I was a kid. And when she looked at me with her clear, pleasant eyes, I felt kinder queer and sneakin' inside, and for the first time in my life was ashamed that I was—was—well, what I am. And as I came moseyin' back along the road, I kep' wonderin' what kind of a guy I'd 'a' bin if I'd 'a' had a mother like her. Would the road keep a callin' me as it does now, or would I 'a' been the sort of son she needn't be ashamed to own, with hands clean enough to touch her kind ones—"

"Cut that out, you driveling idiot!"

Springing to his feet the younger man stood with livid face and blazing eyes, and his companion, cut short in his speech, eyed him in open-mouthed astonishment.

For an instant they faced each other thus, then the smaller tramp sank to the ground again with a groan.

"Don't mind me, friend," he said hoarsely, burying his face in the grass. "I am sick, and somehow what you said got on my nerves. I hurt my leg a few days ago, and it pains me terribly."

"Huh!" grunted the other, highly offended; and with no further words the two men stretched themselves out under the trees to rest, till the heat of the day had passed, and the smaller man fell immediately into a sleep that was almost stupor.

His comrade idly watched him for a while, then picked up the torn, greasy newspaper that had contained the "hand out," scanned it lazily for an instant, then tossed it aside.

On his way back from the farm house he had noticed a man tacking a placard upon the trunk of a tree in front of the post-office. Leaving several of the bills outside upon a bench the man went into the building, and the tramp, out of curiosity, had picked up one of the papers and stuffed it into one of his pockets for future perusal. He now drew it forth, and the following met his gaze:

Five Hundred Dollars Reward!

The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for the arrest and conviction of Stephen Andrews, *alias* Gentleman Steve, for forgery and

train-robbery. Description: Age about thirty-two, height about 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160 pounds, complexion fair, eyes brown, hair brown and wavy. Slight moustache and curious V-shaped scar on forehead, just at edge of hair. Was shot in leg while he and his accomplices were attempting to hold up N. & W. mail train on night of July 15.

Five hundred dollars reward! The largest sum he had ever possessed had been a stolen five dollars. Five hundred! Gee whiz! Five hundred——

His thoughts were interrupted as the sleeping man moaned and moved restlessly. The tramp glanced at him carelessly, started and leaned nearer, staring intently. The man's hat had fallen from his head, and there, at the edge of the brown, wavy hair, was a rigid, V-shaped scar, plain to be seen. Slowly and deliberately the watcher again read and compared the description on the placard with the features of the unconscious man, until satisfied that the identity was correct beyond doubt.

A wolfish grin exposed his ugly teeth, and he gloated over his discovery, like a spider spinning its meshes around its helpless victim.

Five hundred dollars! And it would take half an hour's walk to reach town and come back. Even if the fellow should wake up he couldn't get very far. It was just like finding money.

Already the elated tramp felt the weight of those five hundred dollars in his pockets, and smiled grimly as he remembered he would have to get needles and thread to make his pockets secure.

Needles and thread! Why not get a new suit—new shoes? And he surveyed the tattered excuse for shoes and clothes, noticing their deficiencies for the first time. Why not buy a ticket and ride inside a train for once, instead of clinging to a brake-beam? He could even go into a Pullman and make one of those high-toned coons wait on him! Aladdin's lamp never suggested a wilder dream, and the hobo chuckled as he pictured himself lolling back in the smoking-room of a Pullman, ordering the porter about as he had seen other men do when the train had stopped at some station.

He could go to a hotel and play the gentleman; loaf and try his luck with the cards while the money lasted; have a fling for

once—and afterwards? Well, what did he care? There was always the road again.

He was rising to his feet, when he became aware that the other man had awakened, and lay with his eyes fixed upon him. Somehow this angered him, and he grunted out viciously,

“The jig’s up, Andrews. I found one of your visitin’ cards over by the postoffice. I didn’t know I was travelin’ in such high-toned sassiety. Any hobo with five hundred dollars is too valuable a piece of bricky-brack to be lyin’ round promiscus, and I don’t want no such responsibility on me.”

“Are you going to give me up?” asked Andrews, without anxiety or anger in his voice—just a tired, indifferent tone, as though the answer were of no importance. “Well, I can’t run away, so you needn’t be in such a hurry.”

The tramp looked at him suspiciously, and replied in a dogged way, “I don’t get no chance at five hundred dollars every day, and get it clean, too, so I don’t have to sneak, and run to keep it.”

“Oh, cut it out!” answered Andrews wearily. “I understand all that. Go on! You’ll find me here when you get back. Can’t you see I’m about done for? If it were murder instead of robbery I couldn’t run to save my life!”

The tramp hesitated, shifted his feet and sat down, scowling fiercely and muttering,

“It’s a blame sight more money than I’ll ever see again. I don’t see why I should hold back for you. I never seen you till today; and it won’t do no good to try any tricks on me. I want that money, and you bet your sweet life I’m going to have it! You ain’t got no strings on me.”

“I said I would be here when you come back. I promise you I won’t move a foot from this spot until you get back with the officers. Isn’t that enough?” impatiently. “I shall be glad to end it all—I am sick and tired of hiding and skulking.”

“’Tain’t that I want to see you pinched,” said the tramp, a trifle apologetically. “I ain’t got nothin’ ag’in you—it’s the dough I want.”

“Money—yes money!” The robber’s words were fierce and bitter. “It’s the same—always the same with all of us—no matter what or where we are. Money, money! I wonder if St.

Peter will hold out his hand for a fee at the gates of heaven?"

The tramp stared hard at the speaker, who lay with white, drawn face gazing up at the fleecy clouds drifting across the sky. Then, with a sudden, quick movement the robber flung himself over upon his face in the grass, sobbing convulsively.

The tramp walked away a short distance, then came back, and laying a dirty, rough hand on Andrews' shoulder said huskily,

"There, there, old man! Brace up! I ain't no Sunday school teacher, but I know when a hurt festers it eases it a blame sight to open it. Maybe, now, you'd feel better if you was to tell me your trouble."

After a little, Andrews raised his face and turned toward his companion who, ashamed of his recent display of emotion, hastily gathered up a handful of pebbles and commenced throwing them at a flock of sparrows hovering over an adjacent grain field.

"You're thinking that I'm nothing but a sniveling coward, now that I've come to the end of my rope, aren't you, friend?" the robber asked quietly. "But it isn't that. I have felt for a long time that sooner or later it must come to this, that some day I should have to face the penalty of a wicked, misspent life. I once knew a man—he is serving a life sentence in the prison at Leavenworth now, but he wasn't all bad, though he was known all over as a hardened criminal—'go home, boy,' he said to me one day—it was when I first fell in with him and others like him—'go home and be the man that God intended you to be. You may flourish for awhile in this kind of business, but vice and sin don't pay, boy, neither in this world nor the next.' But I laughed at him. I hadn't yet come to the time when heart and soul cried out in loathing at the thing I have now become—an outcast, a fugitive from the eyes of honest men, spending my days in hiding and skulking like a hunted animal, and my nights in helping others of my kind in robbing and pilfering, and with them sinking deeper each day in a hideous slough of sin and wickedness. You ask me for my story, friend; there isn't much to tell—it is a common enough one. Just the story of one more weak fool who hadn't the moral force to resist temptation when it beckoned him on, and when once started on that road—O God, how easy it was to keep on sliding! I was born on a farm, the

only son of simple, honest parents whose only faults, so far as I can remember, were pampering and humoring me in my every selfish, wayward wish. My father had never had the chance of an education, and from the day of my birth until I was old enough to send off to school, his whole aim and object in life seemed to be that of educating me, of lifting me out of the homely ruts of farm work, that I hated so, and giving me the chance among men that somehow he had missed.

"Well," the robber shifted his lame leg impatiently, "I got my chance and missed it, wasted and squandered it, paid with ingratitude and shameless profligacy the life-long devotion and sacrifice of father and mother, made of my life a failure, a misfit, a disgrace to respectable society, a menace to humankind."

For a moment he lay with clenched hands in bitter self-abasement, then after a little went on again, a softer note in his voice:

"I dreamed a few nights ago—it was after I got this"—touching his wounded leg, "and I had fallen asleep in a barn where I had been hiding for a couple of days—that I was a boy again, and at home in my own warm bed under the eaves. I could see the gray rafters overhead, the little square window beyond, with the branches of the big maple outside swaying back and forth in the breeze. Then there stole to my bedside a white figure, and a warm hand nestling close to my cheek tucked the border of a quilt under my chin, and, 'I thought you might be cold, son,' came to me in the voice of my mother.

"Then something disturbed my rest—my cramped position in the hay, perhaps, or the cold air sweeping in through the crevices of the barn—and I woke to find myself no longer a happy, innocent boy, but a man, cold, wounded, hunted, and bearing a load of sin so heavy that I cried aloud in fear and misery, as childish as the boy I had been dreaming about might have done.

"Since then—born of the pain and the darkness and the dream, I suppose—I have been haunted by a feverish desire, a miserable homesick longing to crawl to my mother's door, to beg her forgiveness for all the heartache I have given her, then lay down and die in my little bed under the shingles. Day or night, waking or sleeping, the thought, how to get home quickest, has been uppermost in my mind. How to elude my pursuers until,

the door of my mother's cottage closing behind me, I should be safe from the hand of the law, safe to breathe freely once more, safe to sleep and rest, and safe from all the horrors of sin and degradation that I have brought upon myself. So things have run in my dreams."

For a little the man seemed to wander in his mind, and muttered and babbled under his breath, then rousing himself, turned again to his companion,

"Well, friend," he said, with a wan attempt at a smile, "it seems that fate was against my sleeping beneath the old home roof tonight, as I should have done for the first time in years had I not fallen in with you. It makes me wonder at myself now, to think that I ever expected to reach there undetected. Well," with a long-drawn breath, "there is nothing left for me to do now—I might as well give up. Life in a cell cannot be much more of a hell, anyway, than mine has been lately. Go on, and get the reward. Someone was sure to get it, and you might as well be the one. You have spoken the first kind words I have heard for a long time, and this is the only way I can show that I appreciate it. I will wait here until you get back, or, if you want me to, I will go in with you. I am feeling better now—the rest has done me good."

The tramp did not answer at once; he seemed to be pondering something in his mind.

"You talk like you'd got close to home today, boss," he then said shortly, "do your mind tellin' me if it's hereabouts—where your folks live, I mean?"

And hoarsely the other replied,

"My father died some years ago, my mother"—the words came with difficulty—"that was she who gave us our dinner today—she whose face, you said, reminded you of all good things. Perhaps, friend, it is best after all that you frustrated my plans. It will at least spare her the pain and humiliation of seeing me dragged off to prison before her eyes, as I must have been sooner or later. The name I bear is an assumed one, and should she now hear of my arrest, it will reveal nothing to her—she will never know how close her vagabond son has been to her today."

His voice trailed off into silence, and the tramp sat deliber-

ately, his eyes on the figure of the man lying inert beside him. A tarantula wasp buzzed and disappeared in a tiny hole, searching for its prey; a buzzard with lazily flapping wings wheeled nearer, remembering it had seen other men lying thus on the desert. Then the tramp spoke.

"I never had nothin' all my life, no fine chances, no home—from the first I was nothin' but a scrubby little street waif that nobody wanted, and there wasn't ever anyone to bother themselves whether I lived straight or crooked, so I jest took the easiest way and drifted. But I can't help wonderin' if things had been different, and I'd 'a' been born in your shoes, say, would I 'a' went the same way you have? or—oh, I ain't jedging you—Lordy, no! A poor, old hobo like me ain't got no right to do that." Slowly he rose to his feet, picking up his tattered, old hat as he did so. "Well," he said, "I'm goin' now—goin' back the way I came, and I don't want you to go with me. I might want that five hundred dollars mighty bad sometime, and if I don't know where you are I can't get it. See?"

Andrews raised himself on one elbow and stared at the tramp in incredulous astonishment.

"But before I go, understand one thing, will ye? It ain't for you I'm lettin' all that dough slip through my fingers. I ain't much stuck on the way you've done things—seems to me you've made a hull lot of fool plays in your life—but I guess you're thinkin' that ain't none o' my business. The reason I'm lettin' you go is because you're lucky enough to be the son of that old lady over yonder; and it 'ud take more'n five hundred dollars to make me take a hand in any game that might bring tears o' trouble to her kind old eyes. Savvy? Queer, ain't it? but I'm still wonderin' what kind of a son I'd 'a' made if I'd 'a' had a mother like you've got." Suddenly he bent forward and catching Andrews by the shoulders said, in a voice full of meaning, "Look here, pard, don't you dare go sneakin' round home jest yet; she's better off without your company yet awhile, and you've done her dirt enough to last the rest of your days, I should think. Keep on travelin,' " pointing down the track, "and meet whatever's comin' to you like a man. You've got one chance in fifty of gettin' away from them that's huntin' for ye, and if ye do happen to

give 'em the slip," the words were almost hissed in his earnestness, "begin a new game, start all over again, and play straight, so that some day you kin come back to her with clean hands, and not come sneakin' either. Will you try?"

The slanting rays of the setting sun fell full upon the pale, agitated face of Andrews as he rose to his feet.

"I promise you," he said slowly, with twitching lips, "that I will try—God helping me, I will try!"

Hesitatingly he held out his hand, and the big fingers of the tramp closed over it, then, without further words, each man turned and started on his endless journey.

The railroad tracks stretched out, converged, and melted into the fading horizon, and two black spots, like huge ants, crawled slowly on their lonely way—driftwood from life's wrecks!

(THE END.)

CENTERVILLE, UTAH.



This is one of the largest bears in captivity. It weighs 1,160 pounds, and is as big as a good-sized ox. Its home is in the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., where a visiting friend of the ERA caught a kodak of him.

A Suggestion.

BY DR. J. LLOYD WOODRUFF.

The Twenty Fourth of July, 1847, was both a consummation and a beginning. It was the consummation of the first chapter written by God in the book of the latter-day world. It was the consummation of the blood shed, and fierce persecution that had aimed at the very existence of the kingdom of God. It was the consummation of the pillage, driving and desecration of the innocent which had sared the souls of the brave men and noble women who stood as pillars of heaven during that first dark yet glorious time; truly there were giants in those days. It was the consummation of Kirtland, Haun's mill, Carthage, Jackson county, and Nauvoo.

It was the beginning of the true power, unity and saving influence of the last dispensation. It was the beginning of the sifting which God had foretold should garner the wheat into his storehouse, the children of the kingdom into his fold. Heretofore they had lived in tents, as it were, never secure an hour from the ruthless hand of hatred, forced to fly naked into the cold, barren inhospitality of the winter nights to escape the greed and lust of their devil-ridden persecutors. It was the beginning of the peaceful heritage which had been promised the Saints when Zion should be built in the tops of the mountains, as foretold by holy men of old, who looked down the long vista of the ages and beheld with wondering eyes the power of the Lord made manifest in the last days.

It was the beginning of the greatest exodus the world has ever witnessed, the journey of the children of Israel piling into insignificance when compared with it. It was the foundation of a

new empire in the western world, which would challenge all history to produce its like. It was the beginning of an industrial, moral, educational and religious growth such as even America, where great undertakings and accomplishments are commonplace because of their frequency, had never dreamed of, much less seen. It was the beginning of irrigation and dry-land farming in modern times, two factors which will in the final accounting do more to save America from herself than any other of the mighty forces now at work in the making.

It was all this and more; for when Brigham Young planted his cane in the earth and voiced the historic words, "Here we will build an house unto the Lord our God," he fulfilled prophecy, he uttered prophecy: and God, who had directed from the first, spoke through the man, and no word of his mouth can fall to the ground unfulfilled. The Twenty-Fourth of July, 1847, encompassed all that had gone before, since the days when Adam offered his first sacrifice, and shed a glory on all time to come, even until the hosts of heaven shall descend heralding Christ as King.

It had not been in vain that stalwart men and brave women had faced death, and worse than death, in its most terrible forms. It was not in vain that they had been driven, robbed, ravished—these were but the stern school-masters of destiny that were fitting them for the pinnacles of faith up which they must climb before they were ready to bid farewell to life and hope and plunge through an unknown journey of a thousand miles into nothingness. God spoke and said, "I will do a marvelous work and a wonder, for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."

Can we not sense the fulfilment of these words when we reflect upon the Twenty Fourth of July, 1847? God had in very truth performed a marvelous work and a wonder. Was it not a wondrous thing, this journey through the trackless wastes? Was it not a marvel of faith and energy, and power of soul over body and matter? Consider for a moment the worn and weary bands tramping miles through the prostrating heat of summer; leaving a blood-stained trail behind them on the frozen plains of winter; urging on their half-starved cattle to some hoped-for watering place for night; or dragging their all in hand-carts, themselves the beasts of

burden. Paint the picture vividly, bring it very near home, see them after such a day of soul-trying toil and privation, sitting down to their meager supper with the howl of the wild wolf echoing near, and the knowledge of stealthy, treacherous red skins hovering round. And as you grasp the full significance of it, think of their courage, recall their faith, listen to their voices, tired but full of hope, singing,

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
 But with joy wend your way;
 Though hard to you this journey may appear,
 Grace shall be as your day.
 'Tis better far for us to strive,
 Our useless cares from us to drive.
 Do this and joy your hearts will swell—
 All is well, all is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?
 'Tis not so; all is right!
 Why should we think to earn a great reward,
 If we now shun the fight?
 Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
 Our God will never us forsake;
 And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
 All is well, all is well!"

And then answer, was it not a marvelous, a wondrous thing? Has not the wisdom of wise men perished? Recall the historical words of Daniel Webster, the then wisest man of all, in regard to the West. Think of the wisdom of many other wise men who saw in the suicidal exodus the end of the vexing question of "Mormonism." Ponder the offer of Bridger of a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised on the great American desert. Was he not a prudent man, knowing the unknowable land of mystery better at that time than any other white man, understanding the true conditions in all their rude savagery? Where was his prudence, of what avail his knowledge, gained by hard experience, when they conflicted with the purposes of God? Consider well all these truly marvelous things and then answer, does not July 24, 1847, fulfil prophecy? Is it not worthy to take an honored place with the other epoch-making days of the world?

And we, the children of "Mormondom," the young men and women who owe our very being in these glorious peak-begirthed vales of Utah to July 24, shall we forget it, or them who made it possible? We who feast, while they starved; we who are surrounded by every comfort and luxury given to us as an heritage of their unceasing toil and privation. We with unlimited possibilities for education, while they who hungered and thirsted after knowledge, even as after righteousness, were forced to endure the cravings of the soul for books, music, art, education, that we, their posterity, might not be deprived in like manner. Shall we forget their trials and their triumphs, their noble lives, their strong, bright example, their steadfast honesty, brave unto any death, yet fearful of the least transgression? God forbid that we so dishonor ourselves!

It is with this thought that I write, a thought which I wish to place before the youths and maidens of Zion, particularly the Mutual Improvement workers, for I feel that the task is ours, that it is a sacred privilege, a solemn duty which we should undertake with thankful enthusiasm. The thought is this, that the Mutual Improvement workers of the Church of Jesus Christ in all the world start a fund, which shall be placed in the hands of a suitable committee of men and women, also Mutual Improvement workers, who are accustomed to handle large affairs, and that it be constantly added to until one million dollars is raised, and that this money be used to erect a hall of relics as a monument to the pioneers of Utah.

Does the undertaking look large? Wait a moment: there are in the neighborhood of sixty-six thousand Mutual Improvement workers. Let a night be set apart each year during the season of work, call it Pioneer night, or any other appropriate name, let some able member give a lecture on the work of the pioneers, and let a collection be taken from each member, anything from twenty-five cents up, according to circumstances. The first year something between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars will be raised. Put this out in good securities, and add to it each year the annual collection. In twenty or twenty-five years the million dollars will be a realized fact, not that twenty-five times twenty is a million, by any means; but as the years go by, the annual amount

collected will increase and there will be the interest to add to the principal. I understand how difficult it is to raise large sums of money, but the object here in view will be a popular one, and if the project is started off right there is no reason why failure should follow, and every reason why it should be crowned with success.

A record should be kept of the names of all those who contribute to the fund, and when the work is completed, these should be printed in alphabetical order and bound in one large volume, that the names of the builders be not lost. The amount subscribed, however, should not be included in this record, as the ten cents of the poor boy is as acceptable as the larger amounts of the rich, and this record is to impress on succeeding generations the willingness of those engaged, not their financial standing.

As to the site, there is only one appropriate place for such a building—the Old Fort square. True, at present this is a public park, and may soon be used for other purposes, but no doubt permission can be obtained to erect such a building on it, which will be always freely open to the public.

The building itself should be one of the masterpieces of architecture of the world, embodying and expressing the spirit of the West in its design. It need not be exceptionally large, but should be big enough to be imposing, and should provide for a public art gallery in addition to the hall for old relics, with this in view when it is designed. It should stand in the center of the Old Fort, with stately colonnades stretching out on the north, south, east and west. There should be four heroic groups in bronze or marble. The one on the north representing love of country and loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; the one on the west representing the pioneers with their faces turned to the land of the setting sun; the one on the south representing the primitive owners of the soil which we now call ours; the one on the east representing the children of "Mormondom," with their faces turned to the morning, typifying our faith in the return to Jackson county. And around the whole building without, in bas-relief, the history of the journey across the plains and the early reclamation of the desert should be pictured in life-size bronze figures. Everything should be on a scale befitting those whom we delight to honor, and should

give to the world an adequate idea of what the settlement of the great inland country really meant. The figure has been placed at one million dollars; this may not be sufficient, but by postponing the commencement for a few years the necessary amount could be easily raised. There need be no particular hurry, the thing to consider is perfection as near as possible, if a commencement be made.

While on'y the Mutual Improvement workers have been mentioned, under whose direction such an undertaking rightly belongs, no child or adult should be debarred from aiding. In years to come, it will be a monument to their love and loyalty, as much as it is to the faith and courage of the pioneers. Therefore the nickels and dimes of the Primary and Sunday school, and the larger donations of well-to-do men and women, through this and neighboring states, will swell the honor fund, and the Hall of Relics be thus earlier assured.

The care and maintenance have also to be considered; but once let this idea take form and become a reality, and those who have been instrumental in its accomplishment will see to it that proper care is bestowed.

Leaving the monument phase out of the question, there should be some safe and public resting place for the many priceless relics of those early days. To be sure, there is a society which looks after this, and its collection is well taken care of; but still, in the best sense of the word, there is no real home for them. At present there are many scattered through this and adjoining states, passing from hand to hand, from house to house. Some are lost, some destroyed by fire, others broken. In a few years they will be very, very scarce, and the children of another generation will know only by hearsay of all their fathers endured. On the other hand, a public art gallery is a crying need; at present there is no public place where art and sculpture can find a fitting home; where heart and head can be delighted and educated by an hour spent among the masters, or copies of their works, not to speak of the notable achievements of our own western artists and sculptors. In time some wealthy man may build and endow an art gallery, but how much prouder can the children of Utah be when they point to one of the beautiful monuments of the world and say, "I helped to build that."

This is only a suggestion, a thought which has been harbored for years, but which has never impressed itself so forcibly as it has this Twenty Fourth of July, spent far from Utah, and all she holds. There is much of detail which must be well considered, but if the thought is good and leads to fruitful action, a monument of beauty and usefulness, typifying the lives of the pioneers of Utah, may be raised to their memory.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1908.

New President for the African Mission.

Frank J. Hewlett, for four years president of the city council of Salt Lake City, being the last republican president of that body, and for several years president of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the third ward, in the Liberty stake of Zion, left for South Africa on July 26, to preside over that mission. Mrs. Hewlett accompanied him to his field of labor in Africa. On the 20th of July a farewell reception was tendered them in the 3rd ward meetinghouse. The program was social and musical, followed by refreshments. Mr. Hewlett was born on February 15, 1862, in Bristol, England, and when eight years old accompanied his parents to Canada, coming to Salt Lake City two years later. He

has resided here ever since, except two years in Lehi. He received his education in the public schools in Salt Lake City, and in 1887 entered business with his brothers under the firm name of Hewlett Brothers. Last January Mr. Hewlett was elected on his second four-year term as director of the Utah State Fair Association. He has traveled extensively throughout the inter-mountain country, and also made several trips to the Orient. Readers of the ERA are familiar with his descriptive articles on Japan, and his other articles on travel. He is qualified in every way to act in the responsible calling to which he has been assigned. He will particularly make friends with the young people, and his judgment, good nature, and business capacity especially fit him for the position. He will release Elder John F. Sagers, who is temporary president of the mission.

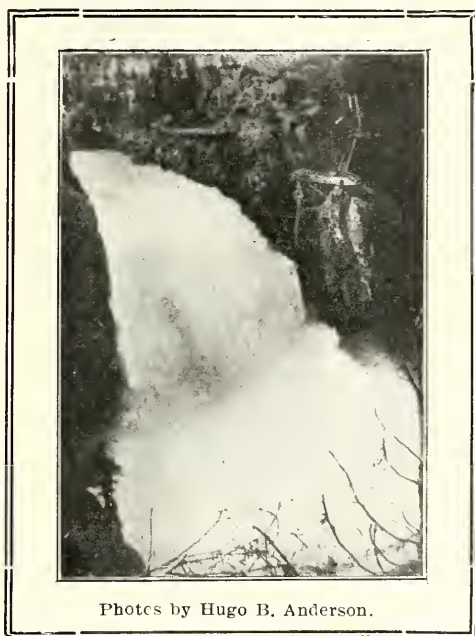


Word Pictures of the Yellowstone Canyon.

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

I.—The Upper Falls.

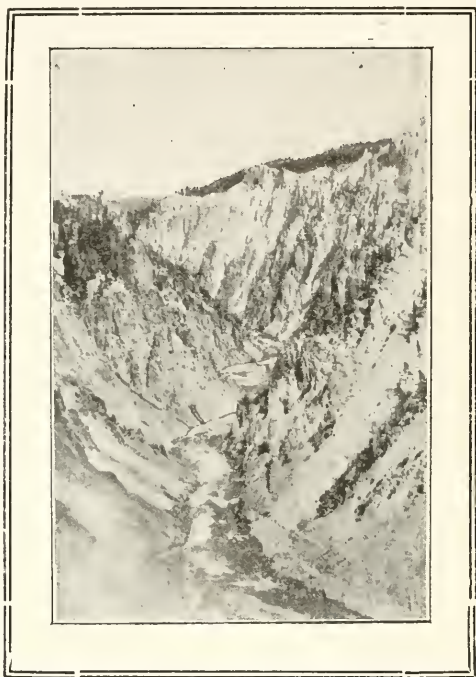
A scene of savage wildness, such as one sees in a dream! An overhanging, threatening cliff; a river bursting over it, white like an avalanche of snow. Around the cliff, screening out the sunlight, "a sweeping theater of hanging woods." At the foot of the fall a mighty rock against which the foam is driven fiercely and from thence up the opposite bank. Not a scene of beauty, but one stern and gloomy, low in



the scale of color, yet impressive and a foil to the glories of its near rival. The foreground is a massive rock ledge, beyond it, is a void in the earth. The river, with its bright green water, clear, massy, thick, is seen drawing near to the fatal edge. Then it disappears from sight with hardly a fleck of foam, but the deafening roar and the clouds of spray tell of its madness below. Hanging over the brink is a conventional pine, from whence we can see the abyss. All is there confusion of writhing water and whirling mist; the rocks carved and polished by the endless beating of the falling stream.

II.—Pinnacles and Palace Gorge.

Gothic spires and pinnacles, rising from the sloping sides of the canyon, in bewildering numbers, like those of Milan cathedral. Spires of blanced white; of creamy white, stained with yellow; of deep yellow, veined with ashen gray; of ochres; of carmine; of dun. Back of these, dark volcanic rock, and a glimpse caught of the falls, plunging into the blue, misty basin. On a crag below our feet, an eagle's nest filled with



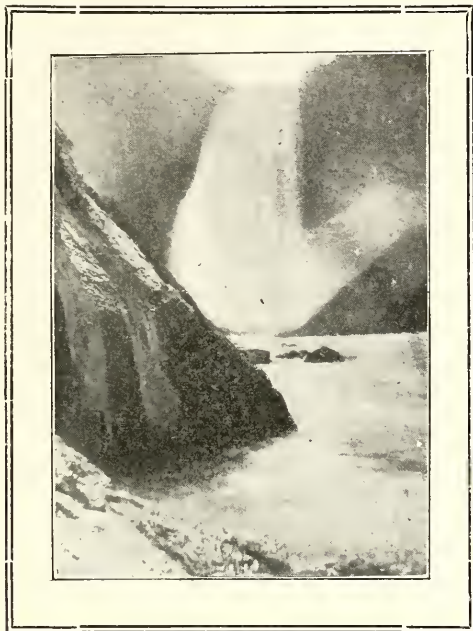
her young brood. Along the dizzy canyon edge a trail, winding onward mid wind-twisted trees. Sunlight and shadow playing among spires and dark-browed cliffs with magical effect.

“Shifting shades that come and go
Like apprehension’s hurried glow.”

A few feet further, and then we look into the Palace Gorge. The canyon deeper and narrower, and an even more magnificent display of gorgeous color. Nature, vain of her powers, pouring forth her treasures with unstinted hand. All harshness lost in dreamy haze of afternoon light. The far-sunken river sending up but a faint noise, although we see it bounding from ledge to ledge, hurrying away to tell its wondrous tale to the lowland rivers and to the sea.

III.—The Great Falls.

Nowhere in the world is there a more striking view than the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone, as seen from Point Lookout. Sweeping lines lead the eye always to the center of the picture, where all the “barbaric splendor of color” and the light and shade are focussed. Even at this distance we can see the clearness of the water, as it glides over the lip of the cliff. There it breaks into ripple curves of creamy foam, like



delicate lace at a lady's throat. Broader and deeper they become as they fall, until they form festoons and points of exquisite grace, through the interstices of which, pale emerald and opalescent blue are for an instant revealed, yet all moving swiftly downward to become billowy gauze around the skirts of the falls. Then the river foams again in a dark green pool, and comes rushing forward whitened with foam. The basin of the falls is a wilderness of beautiful color; rocks and ledges covered with cushions of gold-brown moss. All this scene is soft and tender, full of unity. A sublime expression of the slow, everlasting working of nature's laws.

From Range to Rostrum.

BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN.

I.—Chafing Under Restraint.

"Sizzelin' buffaloes! Walt, I'm afraid I'll have to cash in. I hate to pull out of the game now, too. But I'll never be able to stand forty weeks o' this. Why, I'd be ready for a padded cell by spring." And big Phil Sherwood shrugged his shoulders dubiously and planted his hands deep down in his pockets.

Walter Whitney looked up from his books inquiringly.

"You don't mean you're going to quit school, do you, Phil?"

"Yes," he said doggedly, "guess I'll have to."

"What's the matter?" asked Walt.

"Nothin'; only it's more'n I can stand for, that's all."

"What do you mean? The town or the school or the studies?"

Walter's eyes were on his book again to hide an amused smile from his room-mate.

Phil's eyes looked out across the arid autumn hills and then into the glowing fire before him.

"The hull thing, Walt," he said gloomily.

He stretched himself vigorously and began pacing the floor. Phil had several things to say, and he could talk better when he walked.

"You know how 'tis with me, Walt. I reckon you understand better'n I do. I've been used to the range all my life, nearly. Mother helped me along a little winters, and I've read a good deal; but I've spent most of my time out doors where I was

free to think and talk and act as I pleased. Of course, I knew she'd want me to come to school some day, and she always counted on it more or less. But, gad! Walt, if I'd a known what I was a comin' into I'd never 'a' landed, you can bet on that. Gee! I ain't been here two weeks yet, and I feel like I'd served sixty days already."

"You're a little discouraged, Phil," said Walter quietly. "You'll feel better in a few weeks, when you get accustomed to it all."

"Yes, when I do!" retorted Phil. "How long do you think 'twould take that old spotted steer of dad's to get accustomed to livin' in a parlor on ice cream and cake?"

The twinkle in Walter's eyes developed into a broad grin at this.

"Pshaw! It's not that bad, Phil. Your mother is a cultured woman, and you have been somewhat of a student ever since I have known you."

"Yes; but I've never been trapped in this fashion before. Why, a feller can't even think straight ahead, Walt, without bangin' into some rule or other. You can't drink, you can't smoke, you can't go out nights, and you can't leave town without an order from the big chief. At school you have to keep rather shady, as if there was a cop in every corner. Then, besides my regular work, I'll have to learn to talk a new language. Some o' them guys can't understand you if you don't talk straight out of a grammar."

Phil was dreadfully in earnest. It was almost pathetic to see such a great, big, broad-shouldered fellow so completely undone over what seemed mere trifles to Walter Whitney, who was finishing his fourth year in high school.

"Something must be done to brighten Phil up," he mused, "or his school career is ended." Walter recognized the fact, but he scarcely knew how to meet the situation.

Phil had given up his range life to please his mother, and had entered school at the stake academy, hopeful and fearless, full of the love of liberty and the independence of manhood. But the confining work and the moral discipline of the school irritated him. It repressed his physical activity to such an extent that he felt

like a caged bird, and he chafed under the irritation. This big, whole-souled fellow had been nurtured in an atmosphere of happy freedom, and he could not at once surrender his nativity to the refining influence of civilization, without a struggle.

His father, a man of the range, had realized something of the struggle Philip would have to undergo, and that was why he arranged to have him with Walter Whitney. He knew Walter could help Phil over the hard places. "He ain't used to the reins," the old man had told Walter, "don't let 'em hold him in too tight at first, Walt. He'll be all right after he gets used to the harness and the pace they're travelin'."

Walter knew some of the tender places in Philip's nature, and he began his attack accordingly.

"Your mother will be very much disappointed, Phil, if you should give up your work now. For her sake, I would stay with it if I could, if I were you."

"I know how she'll feel," said Phil gloomily. "It's been the dream of her life to get me in school. But I don't see how I'm agoin' to stick it out, Walt. Even if I git around them rules I'm afraid I can't deliver the goods when the round-up comes off. Of course, my mother always thought I would make something of myself, and I thought I could do things, too, till I came here. Everything looks different now. I guess I've run loose too many years, Walt; I'm afraid I'll never be anything but a cow-puncher."

"I know how you feel, Phil; I've been there," said Walter consolingly. "It isn't each day's work that staggers you, it is the work of four years. You look at the work ahead of you, and it is more than you can comprehend, and you become discouraged. You should not do that. Prepare the work of each day, and the future will take care of itself. You will find that each day is a preparation for the day following. And the fourth year's work is as easy as the first year, if you have done your work well as you went along. You will find that all the dreadful apparitions of the future will dissolve themselves into shadows and sunshine, as you approach them. And for every stumbling-block you come across, you will find that you are supplied with tools to crush it or to remove it from your path."

"Maybe that's right, Walt. I guess I had ought to play out the hand, bein' it's my deal," he ejaculated. "But there's one thing I won't stand for, Walt, and that's this holin' up at nights. After I've been caged up all day a lookin' at books and blackboards, and a steppin' around to the motion of a clock and a gong, I've got to get out in the open fer a little while, and have a breath o' fresh air and a change o' scenery."

"Where do you want to go in the evenings?" questioned Walter.

"That's just it!" he said, desperately. "There's no place a feller can go. They kick if we go into a saloon or a bowling-alley. And there ain't a place of amusement in town, 'ceptin' a movin' picture show, and that gets about as tiresome as them blackboard drills, after you've been there a few nights."

"Oh, well," explained Walter, "it will be different after you are acquainted. There are class parties and socials occasionally, and later we shall have some good lectures and concerts."

"Well, Walt, I guess I'll try it a little longer and see what turns up."

II.—The Invitation.

A few days after this conversation took place, Philip Sherwood was seated in the study room, late in the afternoon, reading and trying to concentrate his thoughts on his lesson in English; but somehow his eyes kept wandering from his book, and his thoughts followed his vision. A member of the graduating class entered the room quietly and walked over to the magazine rack. There was a flutter of confusion in Philip's being as he tried to assume an unconscious air. He attempted to glue his eyes to the page, but time and again he shifted his gaze to the girl across the room. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and shaded his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out the vision. "What a fool I am, anyway," he mused to himself. "She wouldn't even wipe her feet on me; but every time I see her I get all befuddled. I feel just like an escaped jail-bird comin' face to face with a sheriff. Holy smoke! She's headin' straight fer this table. What'll I do?"

Lottie Carey, one of the leading students of the school, stepped quietly over to the table where Phil sat. He was the

only student seated at the table, so he knew she desired to speak to him, but he did not look up.

"Mr. Sherwood," she whispered, "you will pardon me for introducing myself. I am Miss Carey, and our class is giving a little social at my home next Friday evening, and we would like you to come. We are inviting several of the students because we want to get acquainted with them. Mr. Whitney knows where we live, and he will be coming to the party."

And then she smiled sweetly, handed him a little scented envelope and passed out of the room.

Philip sat stunned, gazing after her. Then, collecting himself, he slipped the note into his pocket and again bent over his book, apparently deep in study. But he did not see the words on the printed page—all he could see was a pretty little woman standing before him smiling at him. He made several fruitless attempts to finish his lesson, then frowning savagely he muttered, "Buncoed!" and gathering up his books he started for his room.

The next few days that followed were glad days for Philip Sherwood. He had been lifted into a new atmosphere, and his hopes and ambitions ran riot. In his inside coat pocket he carried the little scented invitation, which he read whenever opportunity presented itself. And he thought of Lottie so often during the day, that he dreamed of her by night. He could scarcely wait for Friday night to arrive. When Walter asked him about the party, however, he pretended to have but little interest in the affair, and when Walt twitted him about the pretty little Miss Carey taking a special interest in him, he replied dryly, "I reckon she's a pretty fancy brand of goods, all right, Walt, but she's on a different shelf from me, and cheap salt bacon ain't got no business worryin' 'bout gilt-edged herrin'."

III.—Why Phil Missed the Party.

The athletic association had been organized, and Friday afternoon the students were to meet on the campus for the first school sports of the year. Phil was in high spirits, for his father had arrived and would attend the sports with him.

"It sure seems good to see you again, father," Phil said for the third time, as they neared the campus.

"You wasn't homesick, was you, Phil?" asked Mr. Sherwood.

"Homesick!" and Phil heaved a deep sigh. "Ask Walt. I reckon the brindle heifer'd 'a' been a good sight to my eyes last week, all right."

His father chuckled a little, and Phil proceeded to explain the game of basket ball that had started just as they reached the grounds.

That was a game that the old man long remembered. More than once during the play he became so excited that he swung his hat above his head and cheered lustily. On their way home he was jubilant.

"Why, Phil," he said, "It was better'n a round up. Some of them fellers couldn't rope a steer if it was made o' wood and posed for 'em. I thought I'd bust when that lanky, big-headed feller made a dive at that fish-net. Law! that ball flew clear over the top o' that pole right into that fat man's hands, and he tossed it over into the fish-net, just as if it was a rotten tater he'd flipped out of his way."

Phil laughed heartily, but shortly afterward he became serious, and was somewhat quiet the rest of the evening. Some of the high school girls had passed out of the front gates just behind Phil and his father. One of them had remarked in a sneering tone,

"I suppose the old fellow will be there, too."

"I don't know," Lottie Carey had replied. "If he is, he will furnish fun for the crowd, I suppose."

And Phil had heard the remarks.

"Aren't you going to the party?" asked Walter, in surprise, coming in later in the evening and finding Phil and his father playing a game of checkers.

"I'm late," continued Walter, "and I feared you would be gone."

"I'm not goin'," said Phil decidedly.

Walter urged him to go, and invited his father to accompany them. For it was Walt who had persuaded the girls to include Phil in their invitations, and he felt responsible for that young man's appearance at the social. But all his persuasions were in vain.

"No," said Phil, "father and me's goin' down to the picture show; he'll enjoy it more'n he will the party."

"Why didn't you go to the party last night, Phil?" asked Walter the next morning.

"I didn't want to bunch with 'em, that's all. They don't need to think they kin 'can' dad and keep me on their list."

Then he told Walter of the incident of the day before.

"Henry Owens was there looking after your pretty little Miss Carey," said Walter jokingly.

"Don't tell me anything about that cad, Walt. I ain't got any more use fer him than I have fer so much spoilt meat!" ejaculated Phil peevishly.

"I did not know you were acquainted with him," said Walter.

"Well, I am, and again I ain't. I ain't never stood face to face with him, and bowed and shook hands and said I was pleased to meet him—which God knows would be a lie—but I reckon I know him better'n you do. He was up on Horse Creek range last summer, and camped near us for about two months. The cow-punchers all knew him, and they ain't none of 'em a pinin' fer a lock of his hair or one of his pictures fer their lockets."

"Well," said Walter, "I'm sorry to hear that. We all thought Owens was a pretty nice chap."

"He's slick enough on the outside, all right," consented Phil. "But his actions don't match very good with his clothes."

IV.—Phil's First Triumph.

Shortly after the organization of the athletic club, Phil came home one night in a rage.

"Well, Walt, what do you think they're tryin' to do now?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, Phil. What is it?"

"Blab us, by jingo! like so many suckin' calves, and put us out on the front porch in a high chair, so they can put a catalogue on the table, telling folks where to find us if any one happens to come in lookin' fer us."

"Now, now, Phil!" chided Walter. "I'm afraid you do not understand that petition. I'm sure the girls meant well when they brought it to the Principal for his approval. And he consented to its circulation."

The petition consisted of several rules which the students desired to inaugurate in the school discipline by the consent of the

school. It had been written and was being championed by the high school girls of the graduating class. Two of the rules to which Phil made such strenuous objections were, first, that any student caught using profanity or vulgar slang in or about the building should be fined according to the offense, and that all fines should be turned into the library fund. Second, that each student's time during the day should be catalogued on a separate card, and that these cards should be alphabetically arranged on a little table in the hall, so that any person desiring to find a student during the day, by referring to the card, could tell where he was and what he was doing during any given hour.

"Well," retorted Phil, "whether the Principal liked it or not, I don't care. I don't like the proposition, and I'm goin' to fight it. Might just as well be a Jack-in-the-box, and bob out every time any one pushes the button, as to fasten yourself to a scrap o' pasteboard, and go through the same antics at the same time every day, so as to match the card. As for the slang—law! I ain't got words enough left now to explain a little problem in arithmetic. If they cut out many more I'll be on the dumb list."

Phil stayed by his convictions, and fought the measure with all the tenacity of a bull pup. He did not make any display, but went about quietly among the younger students airing his opinions. His big, honest face and his original phraseology had already won for him many friends, who gladly took up his arguments and carried them on to others. The result was that the petition did not receive a sufficient number of signers to be brought before the faculty. It was a dead measure, and the high school girls were not long in finding out who had dealt the death blow.

Some of them said some pretty hard things about Phil, which he didn't happen to hear. He was gloating himself in the sunshine of his success. For the first time in his school career he realized that he could make himself a power for good or evil in the school. He knew that his weight had been felt. The pretty little woman would now have to recognize him as a full-fledged student. He could have hugged himself for very joy. He had never before felt so encouraged in his work. He had made his first campaign and had won out. He could conquer anything now.

It was noon time, and he in company with several other stu-

dents was hurrying down the hall when Henry Owens called out laughingly, "There goes the fellow that killed your petition, Lottie."

For a moment Phil paused, ready to throw back some retort at Owens. But before he could form the sentence, Lottie replied sneeringly,

"I suppose we ought to pity instead of chide him; he's only an ignorant cow-boy."

She spoke the words loud enough to reach Phil's ears as he passed out of the building. A heavy weight fell on his heart, a shadow swept across his path.

"Only an ignorant cow-boy!" he muttered, half dazed,—"only an ignorant cow-boy!" It was as if his own statue had suddenly been unveiled before him, and he stood gazing in wonder at the revelation. Yes, it was true. He was "only an ignorant cow-boy!"

His extravagant ambition shrank away in the shadows and his bright hopes faded into regret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hark!

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Hark, it is Israel's armies assembling,
Flinging the gates of the nations ajar;
List, how the highways are groaning and trembling,
Under the tramp of his legion afar.

Once he was humbled and conquered and scattered
Over the earth like a handful of grain;
Now he is bursting the bands that have fettered,
Down the long ages, his spirit and brain.

Unlock your treasures, ye vales and ye mountains,
Throw wide your gates and give Israel a place,
Yield us, ye deserts, your springs and your fountains,
Lifting the mask and revealing your face.

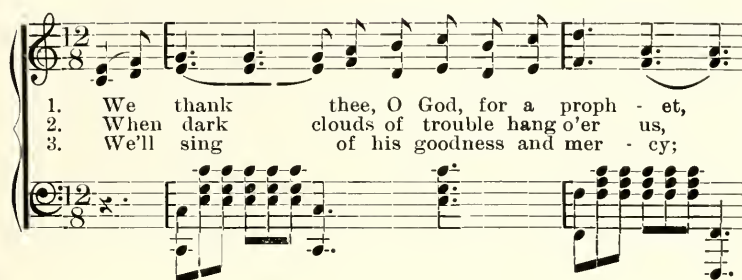
Here is a country devoid of a nation,
Here is a people devoid of a land!
Each for the other a mighty salvation,
Wed in the midst of a desert of sand.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

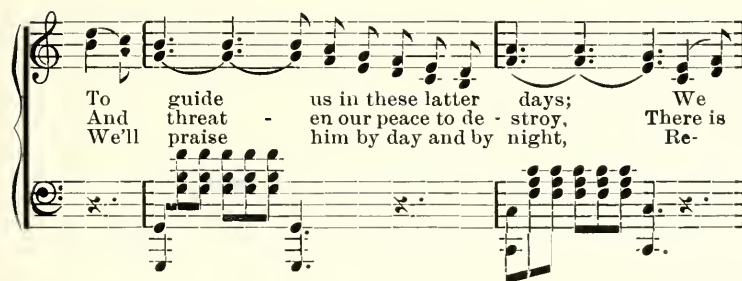
We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.

Words by William Fowler.

Music by H. A. Tuckett.



1. We thank thee, O God, for a proph - et,
 2. When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us,
 3. We'll sing of his goodness and mer - cy;



To guide us in these latter days; We
 And threat - en our peace to de - stroy, There is
 We'll praise him by day and by night, Re-



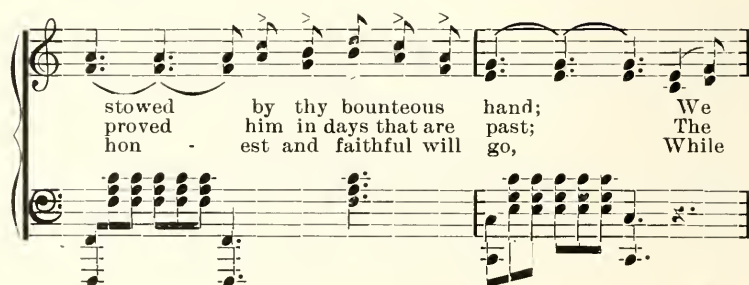
thank thee for sending the gos - pel To
 hope smiling brightly be - fore us. And we
 joye in his glor - i - ous gos - pel, And



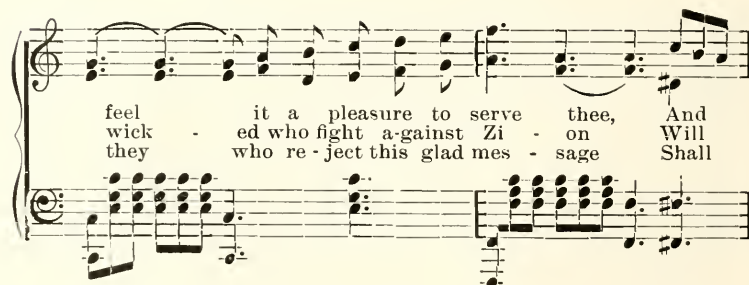
light - en our minds with its rays; We
know that de-liv'-rance is nigh; We
bask in its life-giv-ing light; Thus



thank thee for ev-e-ry bless-ing Be-
doubt not the Lord, nor his good-ness, We've
on to e-ter-nal per-fec-tion The



stowed by thy bounteous hand; We
proved him in days that are past; The
hon-est and faithful will go, While



feel it a pleasure to serve thee, And
wick-ed who fight a-gainst Zi-on Will
they who re-ject this glad mes-sage Shall

love to o - bey thy com - mand.
 sure - ly be smitten at last.
 nev - er such hap - pi - ness know.

Rit.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems. The first system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system begins with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking and continues the piano accompaniment to the end of the piece.

The Martyrs.

(Lines written upon the occasion of the replacing of the statues of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum on the Temple Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, 27th June, 1911.)

With reverend hands we raise these graven forms
 'Of men who in the forefront of our age
 Strove in the van of truth, amid the storms
 Of hate, and persecution's bitter rage.

The one of Joseph Smith who, called of heaven,
 Than whom no man in greater grandeur towers,

Rare favors had, and unto him was given
By gift of God, the priesthood's matchless powers.

Who else than he has in the presence stood,
Of God the Father and his only Son,
And converse held in words of gravest mood,
That thrilled the heavens with joy, like vict'ry won?

The realm of ethics opened to his view;
He heralded the word of God to earth;
The lustre of the gospel born anew
Gave weight to all he claimed of special worth.

The other, Hyrum, Patriarch of the Church,
Stood hand in hand, with steadfast purpose fixed,
A colleague worthy of the name; few such
Have graced the earth with love and friendship mixed.

As Jonathan and David set the pace
Of mutual affection's ardent spell,
The fame of which has warmed and blest the race—
In brothers these we find a parallel.

These molten statues show artistic skill,
Modest in contour, point a tragic tale,
Serve as mementos, scarce a preface fill
To that which yet shall come as years avail.

The spectacle of Zion and her stakes
Is monumental—growing year by year—
Of their great deeds, while justice overtakes
The rancor that cut short their life's career.

As men are wont to venerate the past,
So we'll for them erect an edifice
Grander than "Liberty," in splendor vast,
And sing their praise with joyous benefice.

These martyrs, troth, shall come into their own
And hallowed be, with honors richly laid;
Though while in life they bore an unjust scorn,
'Twill swell their glory that shall never fade.

JAMES A. LEISHMAN.

Little Problems of Married Life.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

II.—Respect for Each Other's Individuality.

True marriage is the consecrated comradeship of husband and wife made permanent by love and mutual respect. It is the harmonizing of two individualities in a common interest, not the sacrifice of one to the other. The suppression of the individuality of either endangers the real happiness of both. With the insistence of either to be first, matrimony ceases to be a team and becomes a tandem.

When the husband constantly plays barometer to his wife's weather, when she is the voice and he the echo, when she is the substance and he is the shadow, it is not a true copartnership. He is merely the junior member of the firm, having his name on the sign, and holding the post of cashier, but with no voice in the management. He is really suffering from anemia of the individuality. He needs to develop a few red corpuscles of self-respect and protest; he should cease to be merely a minority stockholder in *her* thinking; he should rebel against the phonographic instinct of speaking only what has been talked into him.

They tell us that husband and wife are one; but it is a parody on unity if either wants to be that one. It would be as foolish as if the hour-hand or the minute-hand were to claim supreme importance in the matter of telling the time. Their united action is based on perfected individuality in unison; it means harmony not competition.

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If the wife be afraid to give expression to her thoughts, her views or her opinions, merely because she never quite knows how he will take them, there is something wrong with both. If she automatically looks up at her husband, reading his emotions in his face, like an engineer with his eye on the steam gauge, to see if her tentative words meet a nod of approval or a storm cloud of protest, she has not the courage of her individuality, nor the self-respect that compels its recognition. Her attitude reveals a cowardly fear that is beneath the dignity of wifehood. It is unjust to one, therefore unjust to both.

If she has to meet him ever with conscious tact; if she has to look out ever for storm-signals of change in his mood; if she lives in constant terror of offending him at any moment by touching inadvertently the sore thumb of a prejudice; and has to go around ever with an oil-can to lubricate the bearings of his self-approval, she should heed the warning of the alarm-clock of her injured self-respect and waken to the realization that she is desecratingly unjust to her own individuality. Love may survive this disrespect but it is not fed by it; love may persist for a time in spite of it, but never because of it. It is a mortgage on love that must be removed or that love will finally be wiped out on foreclosure proceedings in the name of the out-worn patience of the heart.

Our real life is the expression of our individuality, our inalienable right to live our own full, free life at its highest and best. It means the fine flowering of our strength and the conquest of our weakness. It develops naturally and truest in the pure ozone of freedom, limited only by the rights of others and our duties to them. Between husband and wife there is no basic conflict of rights; there can only be conflict of wrongs. They should be their true selves, ready and glad to take loving counsel and suggestion from each other, but not weakly suffering to be poured into the mold of the other's ideas and ideals. They should be strong alone that they may be strong in union. Better the frailest flower, growing upright on its own stem, than the most vigorous vine made possible only by a supporting oak.

Where the individuality of either is suppressed, it means that there is conceit, arrogance, selfishness or petty tyranny on the part of the other, or a masterful personality that stifles the

expression of the real life and soul of the suppressed, as certain trees kill all other vegetation around them. Paying constant tribute to another's will or bowing meekly to another's superiority is antagonistic to the soul of love.

In true marriage, under the inspiration of community of thought and the influence of a common environment, under the warm glow of mutual love, esteem, trust and dependence of each on the other, the real individuality of each develops as naturally as a flower grows in the sunlight. The happiest marriages are those where love is perfect unity and identity of view on the great essentials; perfect freedom in non-essentials; and perfect harmony even in differences of view.

Perfect unity on essentials means that on the broad questions of their common life there is unanimity of view, a solid rock foundation of happiness and trust that no minor differences can threaten for a moment. Perfect freedom in non-essentials means that it is not absolutely necessary for husband and wife to like the same book, the same picture, the same play, place or person, if each has the proper respect for the honesty of the other's view, and confidence in each other's willingness to change that view if shown proper reason for so doing.

As they grow in closer unity, the tastes and sentiments of husband and wife will naturally come into closer accord and agreement on all subjects affecting their common welfare. But this unity can never be forced; it cannot be developed through fear, reached through a mere hunger to please, never simulated, nor acquired by tact. These give only the semblance, never the reality. The individuality of each is developed only by mutual love, confidence, and free, spontaneous action. True love hungers for spontaneous expression, welcomes it, joying more in a trifle that speaks instinctively as a voice of love from the heart, than in a greater expression coming from the head—an act done because it was expected, or as a duty or bit of policy.

With two living together in the closeness of day-by-day companionship there are sometimes little traits of character, little peculiarities of temperament, little phases of disposition, little habits in word, or look or act in the one that jar and fret and chafe the nature of the other. They form no part of individuality;

they are but acquired eccentricity that it should be a joy to master and control merely because the sweetness and deference implied in the act of changing is a tribute to the other. It is love illuminating a trifle. But there are personal theories with which one should not expect the other necessarily to follow in lock-step, and the other should feel forced to accept.

The wife may have been led to worship at the shrine of a food fad through an article printed on the "woman's page" that becomes her gospel. She may feel that the physical salvation of the race comes from eating bread three days old, and may unwisely seek to force him to discipleship, because she "knows it is good for him." He may prefer a shorter life soothed with fresh bread rather than a longer existence on the new terms. Let her revel in her petrified *passee* nutriment to her heart's content, but she is giving post-graduate courses in hypocrisy and protest when she makes meals at home an ordeal, as he silently munches the dry crusts of her theory. He suffers it as a temporary trial, feeling confident that the reign of staleness will be brief, and lets his imagination run riot in the thought of the red-hot muffins and all the other quarantined delicacies he will order down town for lunch just to square himself somehow with his self-respect.

If *he*, having heard from a man on the train that the fountain of youth, health and beauty rises from going without breakfast, omits this meal for a few mornings and then brags of the twenty years that have been taken from his age in four days, let him prove his theory by the fresh ruddiness and glow of health he displays and the sunlighting of his disposition, rather than by tyrannically issuing a two-meal-a-day edict for the home. It may be wiser for him to be a bit selfish with his new-found wisdom rather than through mistaken generosity and lack of respect for her individuality try to force her to take unwilling stock in his panacea. He may find it really prudent, too, for it will make it easier for him when he wants to edge back to the orthodox breakfast plan like a lonely little runaway boy creeping back home. Even though it should prove best for him it does not guarantee it will benefit another with a different constitution and by-laws.

If he has become a zealous devotee to pure air and is happy with every window wide open and a young tornado merrily galing

through the dining-room so that they have to put paper-weights on the dishes, he should realize that she may not enjoy dining in furs and taking cold food with numb fingers.

If he cannot be brought to accept Ibsen as an inspired apostle of optimism and the joys of living on the higher levels, if Ibsen really seems to him to be nearly as cheerful as a ride in a tunnel on a dark night with the car lights extinguished, and he does not want to invest in her enthusiasm for a new-found literary god as "the dramatic genius of the age," let them sweetly and smilingly agree to differ if argument develops fervor. He may later forsake his well-thumbed Shakespeare should the higher illumination come to him and flood his soul with light.

If her adoption of some new philosophy of living brings to her calmness, rest, peace and the solution of life's problems, making her more kind, gentle, charitable, loving and unselfish and seems a constant inspiration, it is unwise to seek to capture his conversion by an unrelenting assault of argument, protest, discussion and appeal. He has a right to his option of non-acceptance as fully and freely as her choice of acceptance. If her living does not vindicate the rightness and finality of her belief, if her life does not convince, her argument will only irritate but never convert.

The only parts of our individuality that should be suppressed are our weaknesses, our faults, our pettiness, those phases of character or temperament that prevent our radiating our best to those around us. We can never be our true selves until we make this a reality in our living.

Respect for each other's individuality touches in some way the heart of every problem of married life. This respect is based on justice, and justice wrongs no right but rights every wrong. It is the Golden Rule raised from mere theory to the dignity of a living reality. In the home it means freedom, right, sympathy, tolerance, harmony and peace. Determining that neither shall suffer *from* the other, they are strengthened to suffer *for* and *with* each other whatever trials life may bring. In their philosophy of prepositions is wrapped up the secret of truest happiness in married life for both.

This respect has two vital phases: we must not only respect

the individuality of the other but must demand that our own be equally respected. While never invading the rights of others, we should with equal firmness resent the invasion of our own. This implies no petty captiousness in trifles, no supersensitiveness of an inflamed egotism, no disregard of the privilege of making little compromises and concessions, the joy of sacrifices and surrenders that bring new happiness to love. Neither has the right to make the other the victim of his or her temper, selfishness, cruelty, tyranny, meanness or injustice, and either is wrong to submit. We are unjust to ourselves when we meekly suffer what we have no right to suffer. It is not a virtue of noble bearing; it is the vice of cowardice. We are sapping the very citadel of our own strength; we are weakening ourselves for the battle of life, starving our very soul. There are countless instances where this is mental, physical, emotional, and, sometimes, moral—suicide.

There are grim tragedies, of which the world may know nothing, in domestic life where the wife lives tremblingly in the shadow of a husband's fierce temper, or his wild, uncontrolled, senseless jealousy. Smiling, bright, gay, witty, he seems the very life of the social company gathered around his table. But there may come to her, seemingly only a table-length but really a whole world apart from him, a quick gasp, and a tremor, with a pain in her heart as though a hand of steel were suddenly gripping it with a deadening pressure when she sees for a second a certain look on his face that no eyes but her own noted, none might even understand had they seen. She knows its meaning as the plainsman sees all the devastating havoc of a tornado foretold in the spiral whirling of a single leaf caught in an air vortex.

She knows the afterward; she knows that hardly will the key have been turned smilingly on the last departing guest before the storm will burst in all its fury. She will cower anew under unjust, bitter recrimination, slurs, sneers, sarcasm that eats like an acid into memory and maddening taunts that blister and blight.

We hear much of the nobility and the moral grandeur of bearing and forbearing, but there are times when bearing becomes a weakness, a cowardice, a crime against self-respect. Peace at any price is not peace—it is smothered war. Things are never settled until they are settled right. The wife's time for meeting

such temper was at the *beginning* of her married life, at its first manifestation, in its faintest phases, before it had fattened and grown tyrannous through non-resistance. In the *beginning* she was at the maximum of her power to cope with the wrong; the evil was at its minimum; the man himself was more pliable and more easily led and controlled.

In the *beginning* should she have met the issue, taking a firm, final, unalterable stand, using every weapon in the armory of her wisdom. Then should she show unmistakably, with dignity, character, calmness, courage, that never would she tolerate or permit the indignity or humiliation of such a scene. If it cannot be settled then, with an understanding that makes repetition impossible, there is no hope for the future of either. Better a single hard battle to a finish, than a long siege of torture with constant skirmishes for years, with the wife's defeat in the end guaranteed.

There are many similar problems in married life, perhaps less serious, that threaten to kill the peace of the home, that must be faced at their very inception, not in the heat of anger but coolly, calmly, courageously at the very beginning, as medical science seeks to conquer a serious disease in its earliest stages before it has gained headway. The injustice we unprotestingly accept, we feed; the selfishness we continuously humor, we strengthen; the cruelty to which we meekly submit, has its fangs sharpened by our docility that it may later rend us.

If these situations were wisely met in the beginning by either husband or wife, much future unhappiness for both, and, perhaps, even disunion later, might be spared. It is easier to extinguish a match than a conflagration; easier to control the course of a mighty river at its trickling source than at its mouth where it empties into the ocean; easier to purify the infected waters of a single well at Mecca than to conquer the subsequent plague affecting millions.

Nature meant husband and wife to supplement each other, to be stronger because of their union, differing in their qualities, in their powers and possibilities, but harmonized and uniting for the best solution of their life problems. The husband can find no help in the counsel of his wife in an emergency if he has stifled her

power of individual thinking, or permitted it to become dulled and deadened through disuse.

And the tastes and pleasures which were her resources in the years before she met him need not be renounced, merely because they fail to appeal to him. The books she loves to read, the picture which for her holds a beautiful meaning—such things may fail to touch him, but that is no reason that her joy in them should be spoiled. If he finds no pleasure in music, this in itself is no reason why she should shut this avenue of inspiration from her life, if it carry with it any heartening message to her soul. If either attempt to rule the other it will be found but a petty victory, an empty triumph.

The lasting good of each must be in love, raising each to the highest power of individuality, with no thought of competition, no desire of superiority, so that they move, hand in hand, towards a common goal, the good of each being ever the joy of both. In this spirit of true respect for individuality they will find that most of their problems will be solved and made clear and luminant under the glowing sunshine of their trustful confidence, conference and comradeship.

(The next chapter treats on "More Courtship After Marriage.")



Elder Culbert Bowen of Tooele, and James H. Esplin of Orderville, Utah, write from Nebraska City, Nebraska, that although an interval of four or five years has passed since elders were in that place, they still find the testimonies of former elders alive in the hearts of some of the people. On their first arrival, January last, the attitude of the people towards them was a little cold, but at present they are meeting with a favorable reception by the most influential of the people. The magazine articles which have lately appeared have not tended to their injury, but have rather proved a benefit to them, as the articles have given them an opportunity to present their side of the story.

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers.

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow.

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW.

VI.

In our last number, we left the pioneers on Wood Creek, opposite Grand Island. Continuing his journal, Erastus Snow records as follows:

April 30, we followed the course of the Platte until the timber of Wood river bore to the north and was lost in the distance. The day was very hazy, and a cold north blast made us resort to overcoats. We traveled about eighteen miles, found a small prairie stream putting into the Platte, at noon, but found none at night, and a soft bottom between us and the Platte made it expedient for us to camp on the background without wood or water. Here for the first time we resorted to buffalo manure for fuel, and found it better than we had expected. We also sunk a well about six feet, and found water.

May 1st. Today has been a romantic day for our little company. The sun rose clear and beautiful upon us, about as we started, and with it the cold, chilling blast of the north, which went down also with the setting sun. Our trail struck the waters of the Platte in about six miles, where we baited our teams and breakfasted. Some four miles to the north of us, extending along the course of the Platte, is a gradually sloping bluff, which had first made its appearance the previous evening, and which seemed alone to relieve the monotony of the plain over which we have been traveling some days. Along the side of the bluff, in view of our

camp, was a herd of buffalo sheltering themselves from the north winds. After breakfast, three of our horsemen tried their skill upon this herd, which was the first we had seen. They wounded several, but secured none. It was new business to them, and they found their rifles altogether too unwieldy in the chase. As we continued up the Platte we were scarcely out of sight of buffalo all day. They were grazing along the side of the bluff. About four or five o'clock p. m., some ten or fifteen horsemen left the wagon train and struck to the bluff to give chase to a herd of about two hundred. We viewed the chase with much interest as we passed along in our wagons. Dividing into companies of from two to four, they singled out their victims and killed four old ones and six calves, besides the wounded that made their escape. We soon camped for the night a little above the head of Grand Island, having traveled about eighteen miles, and sent our wagons and butchers to dress and bring in the game. The game came into the camp at dusk, and was equally divided among the several tens. After dark two calves came near our camp and some little youngsters with a dog came close and caught one and made him fast to their wagon, and in a short time a cow came around and ventured within a few yards of our guards.

This evening it was discovered that Brother Joseph Hancock was missing, and had not been seen since breakfast, when he started on foot with his gun, in the direction of the first herd of buffalo. Many fears were entertained for his safety. Guns were fired and the bugle sounded to let him know, if he were in hearing, our whereabouts.

2nd. This morning he came into camp, having killed and dressed a buffalo, but too late to find his way to camp last night. Some horsemen returned with him to get his meat, and the camp moved today about two miles, it being Sunday, to where we could find better grazing for our teams. Here we remained upon a creek putting in from the bluffs, until Tuesday, for the purpose of drying our meat and resting ourselves and teams. Our hunters also killed some more buffalo calves, and antelope.

On Monday I was directed by Colonel Markham to take fifteen horsemen and proceed up the river some ten or fifteen miles to ascertain whether or not there were Indians near us, and whether their

fires, which seemed to sweep the whole country before us, and which had reached then within a mile of our encampment, had so far destroyed the feed that our teams could not be sustained. We went according to directions about ten miles, and found only here and there a patch of grass not burned, but fire still raging in different directions, and as far as we could see up the river fresh fires and smoke were rising. We discovered various Indian signs, and one of our company who went two and a half miles beyond where we halted, reported to us on his return that he saw a war party in a bottom, and retreated from them. We were of the opinion that there would be patches of unburned grass sufficient for our teams, and reported to camp accordingly. Until now, the wheels bearing our cannon had been encumbered with a wagon bed and other loading. These were removed, and it was ordered that henceforth the cannon be hauled in the rear of the company ready for immediate use, and that Captain Tanner, with his artillerymen, accompany it. Soon after we started on Tuesday, we discovered on the south side of the river three trading wagons bound downwards. The traders also discovered us, and dispatched one of their number across the river and reported themselves as connected in trade with Mr. Sarpee, that they were sixteen days from Fort Laramie and were bound for Missouri, a little below Council Bluffs. By them, we sent about fifty letters back to our families. The river here was about a mile and a quarter wide, and in no place above two feet of water. Three of our horsemen crossed over and conversed with Mr. Papan, their leader, who thought it advisable for our company to ford the river and take the Oregon road to Fort Laramie, as the prairies, he said, were all burned over on the south side last fall, and the feed was now good, while on the north side, the prairies were now being burned. On the return of our horsemen a council was called to consider the question of crossing, and it was voted to continue on the north side and make a road for our brethren who should follow, as the mountain freshets would render the road impassable to the summer companies. This detained us so that we traveled only about twelve miles on Tuesday and camped upon a small creek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commission Plan of Government for Cities.

BY STATE SENATOR CARL A. BADGER.

There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States.—JAMES BRYCE, *American Commonwealth*.

When the flood of September, 1900, overwhelmed the city of Galveston, Texas, the hopelessness of attempting the rebuilding of the city through the cumbersome municipal machinery then established impressed itself upon the leaders of the stricken city. The council offered to resign, and make way for a small board or commission composed of men especially qualified by training and experience for the great task before them. After some delay, because of legal difficulties, a permanent commission of five members was created and placed in charge of the work of constructing the city anew, strengthening the sea wall, and restoring orderly and prosperous municipal life. This offspring of Mother Necessity proved so successful that the recent well-defined and very general movement in the United States for the adoption of the commission plan of government for cities may fairly be said to have originated with its trial by the city of Galveston.

It ought to be said, however, that perhaps the best governed large city of the United States—Washington, D. C.—has for many years been under the control of a commission with extensive administrative authority. The fact that the municipal expenses of Washington are partly contributed by the national government, that it is the center of official life in the nation, that Congress has direct supervision of the affairs of the district, and that the people have no voice in the choice of district or local officials, has prevented the commission form of government as established in

Washington from being a complete test of its adaptability and success under ordinary conditions.

Next to Galveston, Des Moines, Iowa, deserves credit for the movement for the new form of government. Des Moines has a very progressive, public-spirited group of citizens. These leaders felt the reproach of the extravagance and the inefficiency of the old government, and learning of the Galveston experiment investigated its operation there, and finally devised a somewhat changed and more extensive scheme for adoption by their home city.

The plan as tried both in Galveston and Des Moines has proven a remarkable success, and with modification suited to local conditions has been adopted and is now in operation in about one hundred and fifty cities in the United States.

UTAH PLAN.

The Galveston plan provides for the election of five commissioners at large. They are not required to devote all their time to the city's interests, are paid only a small salary, and the double election, initiative, referendum and recall are not established.

The Des Moines plan also provides for the election of five commissioners at large, who are required to devote all their time to the city's interests, are paid a fairly remunerative salary, are elected by the double election plan (the first a primary or nominating election and the last a decisive election of the familiar type) and has the initiative, referendum, recall and numerous other so-called progressive features.

The Utah plan is a combination of both the Galveston and Des Moines plans.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Under the law enacted by the last session of the legislature of the state of Utah, the cities of Salt Lake, Ogden, Murray, Logan and Provo will, this coming October and November, choose a board of commissioners consisting of five commissioners in cities of the first class, and three commissioners in cities of the second class. The commissioners are chosen at large, the ward system being abolished.

One of the commissioners is called a mayor. He presides at meetings of the board and authenticates ordinances by his signa-

ture. He draws a salary a little larger than his associates, and is supposed to represent the board as its official head, but he has no veto, and his powers, except as otherwise stated, are the same as those of the other members of the board.

In addition to the board of commissioners, an auditor is elected. These are the only elective officers, all the remaining city employees, including an attorney and a recorder, are appointed by the board. It was considered best to elect an auditor, as it was thought that by so doing a more fearless and thorough check upon the expenditure of the board would thereby be secured. The remaining officers are appointed, as their services, though highly important, are ministerial, and there will be greater likelihood of the commission selecting competent men than of such men being secured through the present political machinery.

NOMINATION.

The mayor-commissioner and his associate commissioners are nominated at a preliminary election held two weeks before the day of the final election. This phase of the new plan is thought to be very important. It is not intended that there should be a party convention as under present conditions, and such a convention would be absolutely opposed to the spirit and genius of the new scheme.

Nominations for the primary election are made by one hundred qualified voters signing a statement that a certain citizen, naming him, is a candidate for a particular office. All the names of the persons so nominated are then placed in alphabetical order on an Australian ballot, without any party emblem or distinguishing mark; it being intended that men shall be selected for municipal officers because of their ability and integrity, and not because of their attitude on questions affecting state or national policy. The sole object desired is a decent, efficient administration of the affairs of the city, and the present arbitrary, non-essential separation of citizens desiring the same ends as far as city affairs are concerned, into antagonistic national parties is foolish and harmful in the extreme. The only person who gains by this separation is the man who is opposed to an efficient and clean local government. At the nominating election each citizen votes for two men

for each office to be filled. And the two persons receiving the highest number of votes for each office are declared nominated, and their names, and theirs only, are placed on the ballot for the final election.

ELECTION.

It will thus be seen that the ballot for the final election in cities of the first class will contain the names of twelve candidates, two for mayor, eight for commissioners and two for auditor. And in cities of the second class there will be four less names on the ballot than in the cities of the first class. This will make an ideal short ballot, one on which the voter can concentrate his attention, and a splendid opportunity will be afforded to eliminate the unfitest. Before being elected, a candidate will have to successfully pass through two election tests—the preliminary or primary, where his name will appear among the names of all persons nominated, and a final or decisive election, where he will be opposed by but one candidate. Certainly the voter will understand just what he is doing when he casts his ballot at the last election; there will be no scattering votes; the attention of the voter will be fixed, concentrated on a very simple question—a choice between two candidates for each office. As in the case of the primary ballot, no party emblem or designation will appear on the ballot for the final election. The character, the ability of the candidate, should be the only consideration influencing the voter.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

Within thirty days after the election each candidate is required to make a sworn statement of the amount expended by him to secure his election; if he does not do so, his office thereby becomes vacant. The law should have gone further and specified in detail the purpose for which a candidate shall be allowed to expend money, and should also have placed a definite restriction on the amount which a candidate shall expend to secure his election. Unrestricted expenditures, both as to purposes and amount, breed corruption and give the man of wealth an unfair advantage over men of limited means.

ORGANIZATION OF COMMISSION.

The officers elected take office on the first of January succeed-

ing the date of election. Immediately after qualifying, the board of commissioners meet and assign to each member of the board a particular department of municipal activity. The statute gives a name to each department, but does not, except in the most general way, indicate the duties of the department, it being intended that local conditions and personal fitness shall govern in the assignment of the duties of each commissioner. The names of the departments as stated in the law are as follows:

1. Department of public affairs and finance.
2. Department of water supply and waterworks.
3. Department of public safety.
4. Department of streets and public improvements.
5. Department of parks and public property.

Each commissioner has direct charge of and responsibility for the affairs of his department. The board has the final and absolute decision of all matters, but will naturally and normally depend upon the commissioner in charge for first-handed and complete information as to the affairs of his department.

The law provides that there shall be at least four meetings each week, one of which shall be at night. All meetings at which any person other than a public officer is present shall be open to the general public. It is also provided that each matter on which a vote shall be taken shall first be reduced to writing and the ayes and nays recorded, and at the end of each month a complete summary of the work done and an itemized list of all receipts and disbursements shall be published in pamphlet form and distributed free to the newspapers and to all persons desiring copies. It is also required that at the end of each year there shall be a complete audit of the city's finances by a non-official and competent auditor. It is intended by these means to secure complete publicity and authoritative information as to all municipal affairs.

ELECTION OFFENSES.

Very extensive provisions are found in the law prohibiting the giving of money with the intent that it shall be used directly or indirectly to secure votes other than by legitimate means of persuasion and argument. It is also made an offense to attempt to

secure votes by the promise of appointment to any municipal office or the giving of any public employment.

FREE PASSES.

The law prohibits the receiving by any officer or employee of the city of any free pass or any service from any public service company or corporation at rates lower than those offered the general public. This is the first law in the state of Utah checking in any degree the admitted evils growing out of the pass system. While all will agree that it is desirable that those who hold public office shall have the greatest facilities for traveling for purposes of securing information necessary to enable them to intelligently discharge the duties of their offices, yet public servants should not be under obligation to public service corporations for so-called "courtesies" in the way of special privileges.

The law also prohibits in the most sweeping and the strongest terms any officers or employees being interested directly or indirectly in any contract, work or business, the expense, price or consideration for which is paid by the municipality.

INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM AND RECALL.

The foregoing, in brief outline, is the commission plan of government for cities, as enacted by the last session of the legislature of the State of Utah. It will be seen that this plan has the double election features of the Des Moines plan, but otherwise largely resembles the system established by Galveston. The most noticeable departure from the Iowa plan is the absence of the initiative, referendum and recall. As is well known, by means of the initiative the voters of a municipality are enabled to enact an ordinance without the action of the board of commissioners. A designated number, usually twenty-five per cent, of the voters sign a petition for the passage of a proposed law; the law is sent to the board of commissioners, and if the board fails to enact it at once, the question is placed before the voters of the city at a special or at the next general election. If a majority vote in favor of the proposed law, it becomes a law just as though it had been passed upon favorably by the board. By the referendum the actions of the board are in a similar manner repealed or sustained.

The recall enables the voters of a city at any time to compel an elective officer to submit to a vote by which the question of his continuance in office shall be determined.

These are new methods of enabling the people to keep the reins of government in their hands at all times. There is a widespread discontent with our present system of electing men to office and not being able to check or restrain them during their term. Some people are afraid of the trusting of large powers under the commission plan to the small board of commissioners without the constant check of the initiative, referendum, and especially the recall.

As stated before, Galveston has none of these safeguards, and has found the new plan an entire success. Des Moines has the recall, initiative and referendum, but has not found occasion in three years to use them. In Utah we can well afford to give the commission plan of municipal government a fair trial without these Iowa features, and if they are found desirable, no doubt subsequent legislation will provide for them.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages claimed by its supporters for the commissioner plan of government are that the machinery of government is greatly simplified and the responsibility of officials thereby made certain and enforceable. As it is today, the tendency is for the executive to insist that the council should act, the council transfers the responsibility to the board of public works, the latter to the city engineer, and he passes on the duty to a committee of the council. Under the commission plan, the commission has complete power and complete responsibility. By a division of duties into five departments the primary responsibility is fixed on a single individual. Efficiency has marked the service of the commission whenever it has been tried. Economy has always followed efficiency. Des Moines was plucked from extravagant inefficiency in municipal affairs and enabled successfully and economically to commence an extensive system of public improvements solely because of the increased efficiency and economy of her commission.

The restoration of municipal government to the confidence and loyal support of the citizens is also an immense benefit of the

new plan. The doing away with the ward system, and the compelling of each commissioner to face his whole constituency makes less possible the election of an incapable or corrupt official from a small and more easily controlled district. The whole city is equally affected by and is therefore equally interested in the vote of each commissioner, and every citizen should have an opportunity to express his choice for each commissioner. The present plan cultivates the habit of each councilman sacrificing the interest of the whole city, other than his district, if he can only thereby get what his district wants. The evil of deciding local problems, largely those involving ordinary business considerations, light, cleanliness, sanitation, sewers, water and good order, by the yard stick of national politics is absurd. It enables the men who care nothing about good government, and who march under any banner to secure their corrupt ends, to turn the tide of battle their way. Citizens who require clean, efficient, law-enforcing government divide on national party lines and fight each other, while those who are opposed to the interest of both, and are the common enemy of all, carry the day. Economical, efficient, clean government should be the result of the establishment of the new plan. It deserves the loyal support of all citizens desiring a betterment of municipal affairs.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Elder Alfred J. Gowers, Jr., writing from Woodstock, South Africa, says that the work of the Lord is progressing in that distant mission. The elders are enthusiastic in their work and are doing what they can to preach the gospel of Christ in that region. The four elders laboring there at present are shown in the picture herewith. From left to right, sitting: Mission President John S. Sagers and Elder Lide Chapman, both of Basin, Idaho. Standing, back row left to right: Alfred S. Gowers, Jr., (mission secretary) Nephi, Utah; Elder Gottlieb Blatter, Idaho Falls, Idaho.



Editor's Table.

Victory for Temperance.

Out of more than a hundred incorporated towns and cities in Utah, only twenty-three voted for the saloon, at the temperance election, June 27. As reported in the daily papers, the total vote cast for the saloon was 28,650, out of which number Salt Lake City cast 14,008 and Ogden 4,713, which leaves only about ten thousand votes in the remaining towns and cities for the saloon. The total vote against the saloon, on the other hand, was about 36,246, (Salt Lake City casting 9,327 and Ogden 3,051) leaving about twenty-four thousand in the remaining towns and cities against the saloon.

Outside of Salt Lake, Ogden, and Farmington, the remaining twenty city and town corporations that gave majorities for the saloon were mining communities, which indicates that the Latter-day Saints, who form the majorities in the remaining towns and cities, are true to their professions of temperance and are opposed to the liquor traffic. In Salt Lake and Ogden the Saints are in the minority; while at Farmington the races and pleasure resort gave that agricultural community to the saloons, a condition which cannot long last. The total vote for the saloon, as stated, was 28,650 as compared with 36,246 against the saloon, leaving a majority of 7,596 in all the incorporated towns and cities of Utah against the liquor traffic. Salt Lake cast 14,008 for and 9,327 against the saloon, and Ogden, 4,713 for and 3,051 against.

The county units that voted, excepting Carbon, all went against the saloon. Undoubtedly, in the remaining county units, where the law already abolished the saloon, the overwhelming majority are against that institution; so that, all in all, the victory for temperance was extremely encouraging and satisfactory to all its friends and faithful workers.

Utah as a whole is for prohibition by a considerable majority, which ought to be an indication that some day soon state-wide prohibition will obtain. All honor is due to those who cast their ballots on the side of social rectitude, and against one of the most dangerous and damnable evils of modern times. It is to be hoped that the achievements of the first battle will only stir the victors to renewed energy until the conquest shall be complete, and the traffic in strong drink entirely eliminated from the state.

But there is much to be done, and the victory will be valuable for further triumph only as the citizenship of the state shall see to it that the present law is strictly obeyed and enforced, and that offenders are promptly punished. To this end officers must be elected who will do their full duty under the law, and the citizens themselves must use every legitimate means to assist them in the performance of that duty.

Care must be taken also that the subject shall not enter into politics. If any political party shall adopt prohibition as its special slogan, with a view thereby to having its ideas of national politics adopted by the citizenship of the state, the result will be failure to the important moral question embraced in prohibition and temperance. The people of Utah are united on temperance, but it has been proved that their division on national political questions is much stronger than their union on temperance. Hence this strictly moral issue must not be confounded with, nor made dependent upon, national political issues. Regardless of political affiliations, temperance people must vote for officials who will not only insist upon the enforcement of the present law, but who will be willing, as opportunity presents, to strengthen and improve it.

Only by keeping the temperance question strictly separate from party politics, in my opinion, will these desired results accrue.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Messages from the Missions.

Gottlieb Schwartz, St. Gallen, Switzerland, May 20: "The progress of the Church in this district is encouraging. The elders are working

industriously in the great cause, and the Lord is upholding them.' The picture shows one of the many choirs that they have in that mission. They gave a concert on May 10, at their hall, which was filled with people. They were assisted by President W. S. Wright, of Ogden, Utah,



Clifford C. Clive, Robert Stelter and Vaughan C. Young, of Salt Lake City. The four elders laboring in St. Gallen are: Melvin Nebeker, J. C. Stocker, Lester Leffter, and Gottlieb Schwartz.

Elder C. H. Barnes writing from Columbus, South Carolina, May



27, says that they have many friendly people in that district, but there is much indifference. The elders are faithful and hope by persistent work to accomplish greater success than in the past. "Our Heavenly Father makes us stronger and better able to accomplish much, if we only do our duty and give him the honor. As Paul said, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' " The elders from left to right, top row, are: Samuel C. Hall, Bennington, Charles H. Barnes, Parker, Idaho; bottom row:

George W. Graff, Cannonville, Utah; Eugene Cobby, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Elder G. A. Stocking, president of the Arkansas conference, writing from Rogers, May 29, states that they have been formed into companies, and Company A, of which he encloses a picture, has held several hall and cottage meetings. The Lord has attended them in their efforts, so that they have enjoyed the Spirit of God at all times. On the 18th of May they held a conference at Peal, Arkansas, where they enjoyed a spiritual feast and had a houseful of people. Elder Stocking was called to succeed Conference President James W. Brown, of American Fork, Utah. The elders in the picture are, back row, left to right: Stuart McClellan, Union, Oregon; Parley Savage, Woodruff, Arizona. Bottom row: G. A. Stocking (Conference President) Malad, Idaho; and J. H. Wilson, La Grande, Oregon.



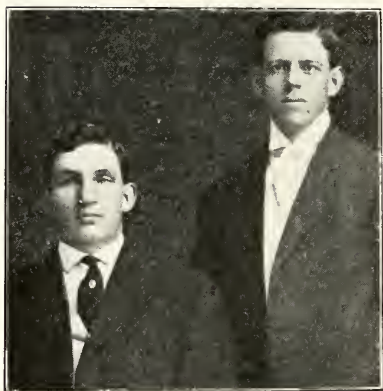
Elder C. A. Boss writes from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, June 5, enclosing a photo of Elder Angus Maughan of Preston, Idaho, and him-



self, of Niter, Idaho. These elders have met with good success in the country districts of Pennsylvania, having traveled without purse or scrip. They believe this to be the ideal way of doing missionary work. Most of the people are very friendly toward the message which they have delivered, while some are indifferent. The elders have met only opposition enough to cause them to appreciate the kindness of the good people they have met. The old prejudice against the Latter-day Saints is dying away, and on all sides opportunities are opening to preach the gospel. More elders are needed to supply the demand. Open air services are held in Pittsburg and neighboring towns, and are becoming popular and producing good results. The Saints are willing to help the elders spread the gospel.

Elder Albert N. Hogan, secretary of the Trondjem Conference, Norway, sends a message from the northernmost conference in the world which is located between 66 and 84 north latitude. The elders have some persecution from the influence of the press, but have no fear but that the truth which they have will triumph. During the summer they expect to work among the country settlements which cannot be reached during the long winter nights, and they hope for good results. Fifteen elders were at the spring conference, and three, namely, Leo Greenhalgh, Archibald Christensen and Henry J. Amussen, were released to return home. During the six months ending April 25, the elders distributed 49,000 tracts, 1,044 Church and doctrinal books, visited 17,288 strangers' houses, held 2,204 gospel conversations, and 266 meetings. There were 14 baptisms.

Meredith Rogers, Lisbon, New Hampshire. May 27, states that the



elders there have met with success. They have labored in Manchester, Littleton and Lisbon during the winter and spring, and have succeeded in making a number of friends who are naturally becoming interested in the gospel, and are desirous to hear more about it. In that vicinity there are a number of people who are related to prominent Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City and Ogden, who have treated the elders very

kindly. The elders in the picture, from left to right, are: Meredith Rogers, Garland, Utah; Joseph Page, Dayton, Idaho.

Elder S. Norman Lee, for the past two years with the *Millennial Star* as associate editor, has been released, and sailed from Liverpool June 3. Elder Hugh Ireland, of Salt Lake City, succeeds to his position. Besides acting as associate editor of the *Millennial Star*, Elder Lee served as chorister of the Sunday school and general meetings of the Liverpool branch, and as class leader of the Y. M. M. I. A. He filled numerous appointments to conferences throughout the mission, and did his work well. President Rudger Clawson expressed his regrets at his departure, and Elder Lee leaves the mission with the confidence, good will and blessings of the authorities.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

As to Records.—A correspondent asks whether or not each quorum of the Priesthood in each ward should have a record of its own as a quorum, or whether the records of the clerk of the ward would suffice for all the quorums. Attention is called to the records in use at the ward Priesthood meetings and the quorum meetings as follows:

1st—A ward Priesthood roll and minute book has been provided for the ward clerk whose duty it is to record in this book the names of those holding the Priesthood in the ward, together with the names of the presiding officers of the ward, quorums and class leaders. All the names of these officers are called out at each meeting, and general minutes of the Priesthood meeting entered and recorded in this book.

2nd—In addition to the ward Priesthood roll and minute book there has been issued a class roll and minute book which can be obtained from the Presiding Bishop's office upon application of the bishop or ward clerk, free of charge. In this class roll book should be entered the names of all the members of the class, and there should be entered in another part of the book the names of all those holding that grade of the Priesthood who have not yet become enrolled in the class, so that the proper officers may take up a labor with such absent members, so as to get them enrolled and actively engaged in the priesthood movement. Each class should be provided with this book.

3rd—It has been decided that in the instance of the Lesser Priesthood no further record should be kept, the book being arranged so that brief minutes and other record of business sufficient for the Lesser Priesthood can be kept in the same book.

4th—In the instance of classes of the High Priesthood where, say the elders or seventies of a number of wards form one quorum, it is expected that such classes will use the class book and record. It is the duty of the clerk of the ward to report to the president of the quorum, monthly, the enrollment in the class, the attendance, the subjects discussed and taught, and other information, so that the presiding officers of the quorums will be familiar with the work of each sub-division or class of that quorum.

5th—There should be kept by each quorum of the Priesthood a roll of its members with such other information as is usually kept by quorums, together with minutes of the regular quorum meetings. This should be a permanent record and in the minutes should be embodied all the special features reported from the various classes or sub-divisions of that quorum. For the purpose of making good records and checking up the enrollment, the class secretary should deliver to the quorum secretary at the close of each meeting the class record which he should retain a reasonable length of time and then return it to the class secretary.

6th—There has been provided in the ward Priesthood roll and minute book, the one kept by the ward clerk, a place upon which can be reported the number of persons holding each grade of the Priesthood, the enrollment on the class records, the attendance each week, and the percentage of the number holding the Priesthood. This report, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the quorum officers, but it enables the bishop to accurately determine the progress being made by the various grades of the Priesthood of his ward.—DAVID A. SMITH, Secretary.



LATIMER-DAY SAINTS LOCAL CHOIR, AALEBORG, DENMARK.

Front row, reading from left to right: Elvira Thomson, Eugenia Madsen, Louise Madsen, Ingeborg Ishoj. Second row: Martin Christensen, Christiane Fristrup, George S. Sanders, (Organist) Victor Mauritsen, (Chorister) Valdemar Gjerlak, Johanne Klitgaard. Third row: Signe Jacobsen, Valborg Christensen, N. P. Christensen, Carla Nielsen, Agnes Gjerlak, Othine Jensen. Fourth row: Christen Dansel, P. C. Sorensen, Holger Jorgensen, Laura Overgaard, Andrea Knock and Katharine Thomsen.

Mutual Work.

General M. I. A. Conference.

The Sixteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in Salt Lake City, June 2, 3, and 4, 1911.

The officers of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement association assembled in Barratt Hall, June 2 at 2 p. m. President Joseph F. Smith and assistants and many members of the general board were present.

Owing to the large number of entries for the athletic meet to be held on Saturday afternoon it was decided to present the program for two meetings at the one meeting on Friday afternoon, thus leaving all of Saturday for the field day at Wandamere.

Assistant Superintendent Heber J. Grant presided and Oscar A. Kirkham had charge of the singing.

Singing, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation"—congregation. Prayer by Elder J. Golden Kimball. Violin solo, Vaughan Clayton.

Elder Lyman R. Martineau, chairman of the committee on athletics, field sports and outdoor activities, spoke on the subject of athletic work. His paper will be printed later on in the ERA.

Elder Frank Y. Taylor treated the subject, "M. I. A. Missionary Work." While we have a large number enrolled in the associations, there is still room for some splendid missionary work. In every stake board there should be some one appointed to take charge of this work throughout the stake, and to see that each ward does its share towards bringing in the indifferent boys. Select some young man who loves boys and who can mingle with them. Encourage the boys when they do come, and do not be afraid that they will disturb the classes.

Solo, Professor Oscar A. Kirkham.

Professor John A. Widtsoe spoke on debating. Experience during the past year indicates that debating may be made a very valuable feature of Mutual work. This coming year subjects will be chosen which

will also be suited to those stakes removed from the center of the Church. Two classes of debates will be chosen this year: fairly difficult questions that may be handled by the older boys, and easier ones that may be handled by any of our boys in any part of the Church. All wards should try to begin their work about the same time of the year; that is considering each stake by itself. Try-outs on public speaking contests should be held, and judges appointed. The officers should select the best speakers to handle the debates. The debates should be held during the same week throughout the stake. The successful team in each ward is then to be allowed to enter into inter-ward debating. The most successful two best teams of the stake may be chosen finally to hold a stake debate, to which all the wards are invited. This method has been tried out in several stakes, and is recommended to all the stakes. If the stakes can afford it, it would be well to offer cups or a diploma to the winning team, which may be placed or hung in the Mutual Improvement hall.

The subject of "Programs and Conjoint Meetings" was treated by Elder Edward H. Anderson. In the preparation of programs for conjoint quarterly meetings generally held on Sunday night of quarterly stake conferences, the officers of both associations should work in harmony. Short reports should be given by the officers of both associations, of the work done, and the program should reflect the work taken up by the associations during that year. The superintendent should be in readiness to report; and have the stake and ward officers present. The Mutual officers should consult with the stake authorities in setting the dates for annual conferences. Reports should then be made to the general board. The program is left to be prepared entirely by the Mutual authorities and both associations should work in harmony in the preparation of the same. Let the program be lively and reflect the work of the organizations.

The annual conventions are held in the fall. The dates are set by the General board, and where they are not satisfactory, notice should be given immediately, so as to have other arrangements made. The program is outlined by the general board, and a member of the board will be present at each convention. He called attention to the necessity of having new officers appointed in time for them to be present at the conventions to receive instructions on the coming year's work. Stake superintendents should insist on every Mutual officer in the entire stake being present.

Solo, Miss Hinckley.

Elder B. S. Hinckley gave a brief outline of the manuals for 1911-12

stating that the manuals will contain fifteen lessons each. The junior manual will be devoted to the development of character, treating on the elements of success. These lessons will be made up of a series of stories full of inspiration to boys, calculated to appeal to the boy, and to arouse in him a desire to win a place among men. The senior manual will continue along the lines of the manual of last year. The first five lessons are devoted to agricultural interests, of great value to farmers, also of economic interest to the people in the cities. The second five lessons will be devoted to a discussion of municipal public utilities, and the third series to public finance. The manuals will be ready for distribution in ample time, and the officers should see that every member of the association has a manual.

General secretary Moroni Snow read the statistical reports for the past year. Although the reports were very late in reaching the office, every stake was reported except Juarez and Wayne. The amount received on general fund account this year had fallen off by several hundred dollars. A synopsis of the statistical report appeared in the July number of the ERA.

Roll call showed only three stakes unrepresented, although at the morning meeting there was a decrease of about one hundred and fifty representatives as compared with last year. Many, however, came expecting to attend on Saturday, which was field day.

President Heber J. Grant presented the reading course books for 1911-12, and stated that Dr. Brimhall would write an article on the subject to be printed in the ERA. The books are: For the seniors—*The Young Man and the World*, by Beveridge; *Dry Farming*, by Widdtsoe; *Cities of the Sun*, by Cannon; *John Marvel, Assistant*, by Page. For the juniors—*Good Hunting*, by Roosevelt; *The Young Forester*, by Gray; *Boy Wanted*, by Waterman; *Alfred the Great*, by Abbott. Joint books of reference—*History of the Church*, six volumes; and *Good Manners*, by Kingsland.

Elder Willard Done read a paper on "The Association and the Drama," which will later appear in the ERA.

Meeting adjourned.

Singing, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet"—congregation.

Conjoint Y. L. and Y. M. M. I. A. officers' meeting was held in the Tabernacle Sunday morning, June 4, 10 a. m.

President Heber J. Grant conducted the exercises. President Joseph F. Smith and a large representation of the general board members were present, and a congregation which nearly filled the floor of the Tabernacle.

Singing, "My Shepherd," Ensign Stake Male Chorus.

Prayer by President Anthon H. Lund.

"Preliminary Programs in the Associations," was discussed by Elder B. S. Hinckley. He urged that these be in strict harmony with association work; namely, that there be good music, good short stories, essays, and original speeches. Junior and Senior class members should be represented.

Sister Edith R. Lovesy and Elder Edward H. Anderson spoke on "Social Affairs in the Organizations." Mrs. John Taylor and Mrs. John M. Cannon discussed the topic. Having social functions in connection with M. I. A. work is as important in its way as religious and moral training, since it has religious and moral effects. Both speeches, which occupied most of the time, will be printed in the *Young Woman's Journal* and the ERA. Mrs. Taylor urged the necessity of grading the amusements—have some forms for the youth, others for the older folks, and still others for both. Mrs. Cannon called attention to the Doctrine and Covenants 88: 124, and counseled the observance of these injunctions.

Singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—Ensign Stake Male Chorus.
Benediction by Sister Ruth M. Fox.

Conjoint general meeting at 2 p. m. in the Tabernacle, President Joseph F. Smith presiding.

Singing, "The Cause of Truth," Tabernacle choir

Prayer by Elder C. W. Penrose.

Singing, "True to the Faith," Tabernacle choir.

Solo, "Come Unto Me," Brother Hector T. Evans of Emery stake.

Elder Heber J. Grant then spoke on the subject, "What June 27th Means to Utah," in which he urged every Latter-day Saint who believes in the word of God to do his duty and vote out of existence the saloon and whiskey, which destroy his home, and his children's prospects. Elder Grant, in his splendid sermon on temperance, read copiously from *Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer*, who had practiced some thirty years and pleaded in some four thousand cases. It was there stated that nearly all the crimes committed in our country are due directly or indirectly to liquor.

Owing to lack of time, it was announced that President Smith would speak on "The Observance of the Sabbath Day" at some future time. At the conclusion of Elder Grant's remarks, President Smith expressed himself as being in hearty accord with what had been said, and stated that the general authorities of the Church were strongly in favor of prohibition.

The general authorities of the associations were then presented and

unanimously sustained, after which the choir sang, "Lord Now Victorious," and the benediction was pronounced by President Louie B. Felt of the Primary associations.

Tabernacle, June 4, 1910, 7. p. m. President Joseph F. Smith presiding.

Singing, "Praise ye the Father," Granite stake M. I. A. choruses, M. Einer Christopherson conductor. Prayer by Elder A. W. Ivins.

Singing, "Pilgrim's Chorus," Granite stake M. I. A. choruses.

Elder B. H. Roberts gave a lecture on "Higher Criticism as Effecting 'Mormonism.'" He described the picture of the future as set forth by higher criticism and by "Mormonism," showing that higher criticism leads to a repose which can be compared to nothing, while "Mormonism" leads to a living, progressive hope of eternal life. Elder Roberts closed with this testimony: "I have now been preaching writing, studying in the ministry for more than thirty years. I would like to draw close to you young people long enough to give you the result of my strivings, to give you my personal testimony. If it is at all possible for the consciousness of man to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, then I know that the gospel of Christ is true."

President Smith made some concluding remarks in which he thanked those who had taken such an interest in these gatherings, and hoped that the words that had been spoken during the conference would find lodgement in their hearts. He bore his testimony to the truth of the gospel. The conference adjourned.

The concluding musical number was "The Soldier's Chorus," rendered by the Granite stake choruses, after which the benediction was offered by Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, president of the Y. L. M. I. A.

Charles Raymond Woodmansee, who died in the Swiss-German mission, May 24, was laid to rest in the Ogden city cemetery, on Thursday, June 15. He was born in Ogden, August 21, 1891, and was the son of C. H. and Vilate Pincock Woodmansee. He spent his early life in Rexburg, and was a student at the Ricks Academy, and later at the Weber Academy, in Ogden. He left for his mission Jan. 14, 1911, and died after four months' absence, of tuberculosis of the brain, the result of a fall sustained two years previous, while working on the farm. He died in the hospital in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Passing Events.

Albert S. Reiser, born in Salt Lake City, in 1871, a prominent Church member, business man and politician died of heart trouble at his home in Salt Lake City, July 18. He served two terms as deputy city recorder, and in 1899 was elected city auditor, being re-elected for another term two years later. His wife, Nellie Hamer, whom he married in 1895, and eight children survive him.

A visit to Ireland by King George V, on July 7 and 8, was not a very warm affair. The Nationalists prevented an official welcome, but the people gave a popular welcome to the king. The Pembroke town hall bore this cold business inscription: "Welcome, we want home rule." The municipal buildings of the city of Dublin were bare, but the streets were beautifully decorated with garlands and bunting.

King George V received the crown of his ancestors on Thursday, June 22, in Westminster Abbey, amid the manifestations of love and loyalty from the people on every hand. Without a hitch, and with every circumstance of historic pomp, the ceremony was consummated, and with thunderous cheers the great multitudes of Britain acclaimed their crowned and anointed sovereigns, and sang "God Save the King." In the abbey were assembled dignitaries of the empire, foreign and colonial representatives, members of European royal families, peers, members of parliament and officials—about seven thousand people. The ceremony was substantially the same used for similar occasions for a thousand years. There was a brief sermon by the Archbishop of York, the king kissed the Bible and signed the oath, made his declaration of faith in its recently modified form, and was anointed and crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then the queen was anointed and crowned, ascended the throne, and took her seat beside, but below, her husband. The following day the king and queen made their royal progress through the streets of London, being welcomed with demonstrations of enthusiasm by the people.

Contributions for the Silver Service Fund of the battleship

Utah, have been received from 26,066 school children in Utah, aggregating \$2,233.72. All the counties of the state and about 230 cities, towns and villages are represented in the donations. The price of the service will be \$10,000 on which account the contributions will be applied. The remainder will be paid by the State. *Utah* is 521 feet six inches long, draws 29 feet of water, is rated as a 22,000 ton ship, and will carry 940 men and 60 officers, when fully manned. She attained a maximum speed of 21.637 knots, .887 greater than requirement, at her standardization trials, Rockland, Maine, June 26. The ship will be ready to go into commission August 10.

Freece, the Anti-Mormon Agitator, has gone to Denmark, and met a cold reception. Elder A. J. T. Sorenson, president of the Copenhagen conference, in a recent letter, says that the priests are giving them blows from all sides, but the gospel, like as steel, becomes firmer in the hearts of the people the more it is pounded. *Politiken*, a leading liberal newspaper, recently defended the elders against an attack of Freece, the anti-Mormon, who had called a large meeting to denounce the Latter-day Saints. At a private meeting following, held with the reporters and priests, the elders were given an opportunity to defend their cause, and came out of it so well that the paper gave them a splendid defense. Among other things it counseled Mr. Freece to pack his grip, and return to America, where conditions are more fruitful for his class of agitation.

August W. Carlson, a high councilor in the Salt Lake stake of Zion, and a well-known and respected Church member of the 19th ward, died suddenly in Santa Barbara, California, Saturday, July 8, of heart trouble. Elder Carlson was prominent in business circles; he was treasurer and a director of Z. C. M. I., a director of the Commercial Club, and of the Deseret National Bank. Elder Carlson and his wife left Salt Lake on June 24, for a vacation on the coast. He was born in Kalskrona, Sweden, August 27, 1844. During his younger years he served as a missionary in his native land and in England, in which latter country he worked several years in the Liverpool office before coming to Utah in 1871. After his arrival in Utah, he served Z. C. M. I. in various capacities. He was kind, broad-minded and loveable, a man who made many business friends, and who performed his work, civil and religious with the utmost fidelity. In 1873 he married Miss Spencer of Liverpool, who survives him. They have no children. His body was brought to Salt Lake and was interred in the Salt Lake cemetery, funeral services being held in the Assembly Hall, July 13.

New Wards and Changes in bishops, etc., for the month of June, 1911, as reported by the presiding bishop's office:

Allen Cameron was sustained as presiding elder of the Marysvale branch, Sevier stake. Penrose branch was organized in the Bear River stake with P. N. Pierce as presiding elder. Seth V. Henderson was sustained as ward clerk in the Clifton ward, Oneida stake, to succeed Elmer V. Howell. The address of the stake clerk of the Salt Lake stake is changed from John E. Cottam, Box 456, to 70 West First North, City. Jesse S. Brough was sustained as ward clerk of the Lyman ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed Frank Olend. J. F. Thompson was sustained as ward clerk of the Milburn ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed G. F. Thompson. The name of the Tilden ward, of the Blackfoot stake was changed to Sterling. Orrin H. Snow was sustained as second counselor in the presidency of the Taylor stake. Thomas F. Eynon was sustained as ward clerk of the Kemmerer ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed Peter C. Hood. Lorenzo B. Harmon was sustained as ward clerk of the Milo ward, Bingham stake, to succeed Thomas C. Wilson. Chas. A. Larson was sustained as bishop of the Darby ward, Teton stake, to succeed Willard G. Homer. Joseph Reece was sustained as second counselor in the presidency of the Nebo stake to succeed Henry Gardner. Swan Lake ward was organized in the Oneida stake, with Lewis James Petty, Jr., as bishop and William Gambles as ward clerk. Elmer E. Kearns was sustained as ward clerk of the Gunnison ward, South Sanpete stake, to succeed Fred. H. Swalberg. Adam G. Smith, bishop of the Marion ward, Cassia stake, dead. Ernest Orr was sustained as ward clerk of the Orton ward, Alberta stake, to succeed David T. Orr. William A. Pettit was sustained as ward clerk of the Fifth ward, Pioneer stake, to succeed H. Leroy Bywater. Jens I. Jensen was sustained as ward clerk of the Elsinore ward, Sevier stake, to succeed W. J. Gunn. John H. Miller was sustained as ward clerk of the Mammoth ward, Nebo stake, to succeed Thos. E. Chatwin. Meadow ward was organized in the Malad stake with William F. Knowlles as bishop and William E. Dawson as ward clerk. Edwin S. Sheets was sustained as bishop of the 33rd ward, Liberty stake, to succeed R. A. Brighton. John Lee Anderson was sustained as bishop of the Oak Creek ward, Millard stake, to succeed Joseph F. Finlinson. Joseph F. DeLong was sustained as bishop of the Koosharem ward, Sevier stake, to succeed Andrew Anderson. William S. Daniels was sustained as bishop of Annabelle ward, Sevier stake, to succeed Joseph W. Fairbanks.

M. I. A. ANNUAL CONVENTIONS

1911

To the Stake Officers Y. M. M. I. A.

DEAR BRETHREN: Appointments for M. I. A. Annual Conventions for the year 1911 follow:

August 11 and 12—Juarez.

August 20—Alberta, Yellowstone, and Wayne.

August 21—San Juan at Monticello.

August 27—Taylor, Beaver, Fremont, Malad, Pocatello, Woodruff.

September 3—Bear River, Cassia, Weber, North Weber, Ogden, Parowan, North Davis, Rigby.

September 4—Panguitch.

September 10—Ensign, South Sanpete, Uintah, Granite, Bannock, Emery, Pioneer, Snowflake, San Luis, Liberty, Hyrum, Salt Lake, Jordan.

September 11—Kanab.

September 12—St. Johns, Duchesne.

September 13—San Juan at Fruitland, New Mexico.

September 15—St. George.

September 17—Big Horn, Oneida, Blackfoot, Summit, Millard, Juab, Nebo, Alpine, Bingham, Carbon, Tooele.

September 24—North Sanpete, Union, Benson, Morgan, Utah, Bear Lake, Cache, Star Valley, Box Elder, Maricopa, Teton.

September 27—St. Joseph.

October 1—Sevier, South Davis, Wasatch.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRELIMINARY WORK.

Stake superintendents will please give immediate attention to the following items:

1. Let these circulars be distributed immediately to all the stake and ward officers of the associations. Request each president to acknowledge receipt of the circulars, and urge him to see to their proper distribution.

2. Confer with the stake presidency and the officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. and secure their co-operation for all the arrangements of the convention.

3. See that your ward and stake organizations are complete and that your class teachers are selected.

4. Notify all officers and class teachers by personal visit, where possible or by letter, and urge them to attend. These conventions should have a full 100% of the officers of each association in attendance.

5. Secure a suitable hall or halls for the conventions where both the Young Men's and Young Ladies' officers may be accommodated without interfering with Sunday School or ward meeting. All Sunday School teachers who are Mutual Improvement officers or class teachers are to be excused from Sunday School classes to attend the morning session of the convention. This is in accordance with instructions from the First Presidency.

6. Send a personal invitation to the Stake Presidency, High Council, Bishops and their counselors, and all stake officers of the auxiliary organizations, inviting them to attend the convention meetings.

7. Select competent persons to treat the subjects at the convention. Assign the topics to them in advance, and urge them to be thoroughly prepared.

8. Hold preliminary meetings of the stake superintendency, aids and convention speakers, and discuss the convention subjects thoroughly and perfect all arrangements for the convention. Notify the General Secretary two weeks prior to the convention that all the preliminary arrangements have been made, and that you are prepared to carry out these instructions.

9. Stake secretaries are requested and required to furnish a report of the convention to the General Secretary.

10. Advertise your convention thoroughly throughout your stake. Give frequent notices in the ward meetings, Sunday Schools, and other gatherings, and have a notice published in your local newspaper in addition to the individual notices, personal or by letter, to all the officers including class teachers.

PROGRAM.

Morning Session 10 o'clock.

Each subject should be treated by one speaker, and the time so divided that the four subjects may be treated at each meeting.

Roll call, and opening exercise, followed by a short report of the stake superintendent as to preparations and arrangements for this convention.

I. "The Economics of Agriculture."

1. United States division of land, and ways of transferring land from the government to the individual.

2. The size of farms.

3. Marketing of farm products.

4. Means of education for the farmer.

5. Ownership of farms *versus* tenancy farms.

The above topic covers the first five lessons of the senior manual for 1911-12. Five lessons on Municipal Control of Public Utilities follow and the manual closes with another five lessons on Public Finance. No other subjects in the "Making of a Citizen" can be of more interest or of greater practical value to the citizen, or more important, than these named. They touch problems with which the citizen comes in daily contact. The senior manual lessons are therefore of a nature that will help every farmer, and be of great value to all who are interested in land and farming as well as in the financial and economic welfare of the country. This manual is among the best books you could get on these subjects—25c postpaid, free with the ERA for \$2.

II. "Special Exercises."

What can the wards of our stake do this season, in taking part in any or all of the following special studies?

1. In encouraging the telling of short stories and anecdotes by members of the classes,—in the classes, in preliminary programs, and in conjoint session.

2. In providing at least two debates on suitable subjects—one for the older members and one for the younger ones. How this should be done.

3. In arranging for the presentation of (1) a play; (2) a musical concert; (3) in organizing male quartets; (4) in providing singing for the meetings; (5) in social affairs and amusements; (6) in helping the stake to have a successful M. I. A. "Day," by preparing members to take part and to compete with members of other wards in debates, orations, musical and other contests.

III. "Outdoor Activities, Athletics and Employment."

What can the wards of this stake do in any or all of the following outdoor activities?

1. In arranging for the Juniors for fishing and scouting parties and mountain trips.

2. In organizing baseball and basketball teams with a view to inter-stake games.

3. In directing track sports and athletics such as foot-racing, jumping, vaulting, etc., as well as indoor games with a view to competing with adjoining wards and stakes and finally at the annual M. I. A. Field Day.

4. In providing grounds for a campus.

5. Reference: paper on athletics by L. R. Martineau, in ERA.

Remember in discussing these games and sports that we would also emphasize the importance of stimulating the tastes and desires of the junior boys for useful and manly occupations, as well. To this end we would encourage the officers to direct the boys toward helpful and useful work in addition to their recreations. It might be practicable to invite a report from the members of the M. I. A. at the openning meeting in October, to tell how they spent the summer vacation. It might also be possible for the officers to plan some work or help get occupation for members out of work.

IV. Miscellaneous.

1. Questions and answers, and discussion.

2. The ERA and Manual.

3. The conjoint monthly and the extra conjoint meetings, and how to best occupy the time.

4. The M. I. A. fund.

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock.

V. "Good Manners and Social Conduct."

1. How the Y. M. M. I. A. can help to establish these.

2. Where and how our manners may be improved.

3. Keep holy the Sabbath Day, and have a week-day for amusements.

4. Oppose card playing and all games of chance.

5. Encourage wards to own amusement halls.

6. Activities that can and should be provided in the wards of this stake.

7. Chaperones.

8. References. Papers on this subject by Edith R. Lovesy and Edward H. Anderson in the *Young Woman's Journal* and *Improvement Era*. The *Book of Good Manners*, in the Young Men's reading course, for 1911-12.

9. Name the reading course books and urge that a set be placed in the ward M. I. A. library, and that the books be read during the season by every member.

VI. "Will and Work, and Loyalty to the Cause of God, in Attaining Success."

The above subject covers the first two lessons in the junior manual for 1911-12 which treats on the development of character in a series of fifteen lessons on success. The remaining lesson titles are here given, and if preferred any one or more of these may be discussed instead of the two suggested:

3. Fallacy of Expecting Something for Nothing.

4. Persistence and Perseverance.

5. Honesty.

6. Use of Money.

7. Choice of Company.

8. Order.

9. Punctuality.

10. Politeness.

11. Language.

12. Cheerfulness.

13. Self-control.

14. Benevolence.

15. Justice.

The junior manual will contain upwards of one hundred stories illustrating these principles as bearing on success in life. Every member should have a copy, and every parent will find it a great help in home teaching. One of the best and cheapest books you can get is the Junior Manual, 25c postpaid—free with the ERA, \$2.

VII. "Officers, Efficient Work and Perfect Organization."

1. Have efficient officers at the head of each department of our work.
2. Avoid changing officers during working year.
3. To get efficient work, officers should give instructions, direct their workers, correct faults and expect compliance with instructions by demanding reports.
4. Where every position is not filled, you will have a lame organization.

VIII. Miscellaneous.

1. Roll and records should be carefully kept and reports promptly made.
2. Questions and answers and discussion.

CONJOINT EVENING SESSION.

The time and place of meeting to be fixed by the stake boards. A short talk should be given by the stake superintendents of the Young Men and of the Young Ladies' Associations, with a suitable musical program for the occasion. The general public should be invited to come to the meeting. The time allotted to the visiting officer of the Young Men's association will be occupied on the subject of "Temperance as a Part of M. I. A. Work." These evening meetings should be very largely attended, and be made to reflect the enthusiasm and spirit of our organizations.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CONVENTION.

The importance of these conventions is paramount. Every officer should be present, and the superintendent and aids should put forth every effort to make the convention a brilliant success. It is not enough to have just one representative present from each ward. All the officers should attend, including the class teachers. Upon the efforts and the spirit of enterprise manifested by the superintendency and the stake officers will largely depend the success of the convention, and the convention is an indication of what your association will be for the year. The General Board expects that every effort will be put forth by the officers to make the convention all that it should be to inspire the workers with enthusiasm for their labors. Any assistance from the general office will be gladly rendered. We pray that the Lord may bless your labors so that the work in every department of the Mutual Improvement Associations this season shall exceed in interest and good effect that of any previous season in the history of our organization. You have a wonderful mission to perform among the young people as leaders and exemplars, and we pray that God will give you influence and bless you so that your work may be performed most acceptably to Him, and to the rich blessing of the young people of Zion.

Your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

HEBER J. GRANT,

BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS,

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

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